



QUARTERLY REVIEW



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EDITORIAL

• • •

WE cannot stress too much the importance of a good working scheme in anything we may do. New Year's resolutions need not be made only on the first day of January, but whenever there is a necessity for them. For college students and faculty the most natural time to form resolutions is at the beginning of the college year.

Several of the faculty members usually spend their summers in advanced study. They come back brimming with new ideas; these ideas must be put in tangible form. The instructors resolve to give the best to the girls and consequently remould their courses, throwing away that material which is unsatisfactory. After all, what is the worth of a teacher who meanders along through bits of information from day to day? Planning ahead adds assurance, zest, and enthusiasm to work — assurance and zest for the teacher in giving work, satisfaction for the student in completing the unit successfully.

We can sympathize always with the Freshmen because they have the most difficult situation to face. Of course, this year's innovation of an orientation day helps greatly in setting the girls aright, but even at that there is an element of confusion. Students rush about, the class schedules change, all floors and all rooms seem alike. No wonder the entering girls are bewildered. At this point a well conceived plan will be a stabilizing influence. If the lowly Freshman will resolve to rise above every little setback, if she will adapt herself to col-

lege life with enthusiasm, if she will attack her studies with a determination to succeed, she will have made an excellent start on her four-year journey.

The Sophomores need not make so many adjustments because they are old hands at the game of college. On the opening day they greet old friends and relive vacation experiences. But they have plans despite their carefree spirits. This is their "wool-gathering" year when they must arm themselves with material and technique in order to undertake a period of apprenticeship in their third year. However, life is not all work, and the Hallowe'en party is their contribution to the social side of college.

No doubt the highest state of excitement comes in the Junior year. For the first time the student-teachers take over classes of their own. Now, they have the opportunity to put to practical use the theoretical knowledge already gained. If a girl has not been sensible to the very real value of looking ahead, she will begin to realize its importance through her apprentice teaching. She must plan lessons and make her own decisions in the schoolroom. The wise student-teacher will anticipate various class disturbances so that she will not be caught off guard.

The Seniors are never so complacent and satisfied as we may try to believe they are. We argue that they have one year of college left, a year which culminates in graduation. But in reality the big planning is just beginning. While graduation is an item to which a Senior aspires,

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it is only one step toward the realization of her goal. As a graduate, she must make her own choice of position; as a full-fledged teacher, she must prepare her own courses of study and rely on her own judgment. SHE is now the faculty member who passes her vacations in advanced work and who remoulds her course to embrace the new and better

principles.

Why is the beginning of the term the best time to form resolutions? Because we can profit from previous experiences and be guided by them in our new work; because we can discard worked out ideas before they do harm; because we can set up resolutions to make this year the most profitable.

THE students this year are seeing a great advancement in education go on before their eyes. The change in educational emphasis will improve the quality of teachers because the first two years of liberal arts courses, including excellent guidance courses, will leave no room for doubt as to whether the students wish to continue and to specialize in teaching. It is the opinion of many educators that students of college age are, as a whole, not really sure what they want to be, and with this new plan, not only will they be given an opportunity to decide what profession they want to enter; but, as Dr. Aspinwall says, they will be able to get credit from some colleges for the work they have done. Investigation may prove that a great many colleges will allow credit for courses studied here.

Before this year the education courses and methods courses have been scattered throughout the four years, but now those courses are concentrated in the third and fourth years. This means a shift in

Observation at Elizabeth Street School from the freshman year to the senior year. Miss McKelligett says Observation is infinitely more valuable in the senior year than in the freshman year. This value is easily explained when we consider that all present seniors have had nine weeks of practice teaching and are really able to understand and appreciate the true value of the fine staff at Elizabeth Street. On the other hand, incoming freshman are not very far removed from high school and have not yet learned to look at situations from a teacher's viewpoint; to them Observation appears to be a sort of entertainment put on for their benefit; instead of watching the teacher with the intention of learning from her, they are watching the little boy in the fifth seat who just pulled a little girl's hair.

Thus even though the plan is very new, we believe nearly everyone will agree that it is definitely an advancement and will work to keep our school on its present high plane.

Gray November

FAINT beams of November sunlight flickered through the maze of gray clouds, moving swiftly across the sky, as an attractive young woman nervously paced the length of the Stoneville railroad platform. It was four o'clock, and as yet there was no sign of a train. Gloria Adams halted her nervous gait and listened intently. She made a beautiful picture. Her slender form, molded in gray, seemed to blend into the gray clouds near the horizon, and her yellow hair, exquisitely and neatly waved, reflected the flickering sunlight. Her head was tilted to one side, her blue eyes were alive with expectancy and hope, and her red lips seemed to murmur, 'Can I hear the rumble of the train that Joe will be on? Is it possible that in a few minutes he will be here?' Yes, it was the train, prodigious and omnipotent, winding over the rails like a huge serpent—at first, creeping, then, racing, and now, slowing to a shrieking, thundering halt.

Gloria waited and watched a few minutes, which seemed like a lifetime, until she spied a lone figure of a man alighting from a car about one hundred feet away. As she half ran toward the figure, she thought, 'How splendid he looks in his uniform! Will he be glad to see me. When will he have to leave again?' Approaching him she called, "I thought the train would never come. I seemed to have waited endless hours."

He embraced her and answered, "How silly of you! The train is right on time. Gee, it is good to see you again. Porter, my bags."

"The car is right over here. Would

you like to drive or are you tired after your trip?"

"I might just as well drive and get my hand on the wheel—you know, practice for tonight."

"Tonight?" questioned Gloria.

"Yes, I have to fly back tonight."

"Oh," replied Gloria, disappointed. "Can't you possibly stay a few days? You know, you haven't been home since our engagement party."

"I know, dear, but when you are in the army, orders are orders. Joe Stewart isn't the commander-in-chief. After all, I am lucky to be the one sent here to transport that new plane to New Jersey. Otherwise, I wouldn't see you until next month's leave," consoled Joe.

"Joe, what time are you leaving?"

"One A.M."

"That's perfectly grand! Oh, here we are. I'll tell you about it later. Mother will be so glad to see you!" rambled Gloria.

"My, you act like a little girl instead of a sophisticated riding instructor from Stoneville's exclusive finishing school," laughed Joe.

"Never mind, I have to give vent to my emotions once in a while, don't I, Mr. Stewart? I always maintain that one can't be school-teacherish all the time," retorted Gloria.

With that they entered Gloria's home. It was a cozy little place—not large, but big enough to embrace the three Adamases and to succumb to their social life. The bungalow was low and rambling with stubby fir trees clustered close to its foundations. Huge oaks shaded the drive and

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lawn in the summer, but now they looked bare and lonely standing against the gray sky. Inside, the rooms looked very attractive and radiated an atmosphere of friendliness and cheer—especially now, for the happy laughter of the three Adamses was welcoming Joseph Stewart, the most promising army pilot in the service of the United States.

"Joe, you must feel grimy and tired after your trip," Mother Adams was saying. "Go wash up like a good boy, and then lie down in the guest room until supper is served."

"Thank you, Mother, you take care of me just as my own mother would."

Mrs. Adams patted his broad shoulder and said, "Run along now. I must see how supper is coming."

One half hour later Gloria became restless. She was not content to sit and read. The delicious odor coming from the kitchen stimulated her appetite and the soft crooning of love songs on the radio made her think of Joe. Swiftly she laid down her book, tiptoed to the guest room, and rapped lightly on the door.

"Yes?" inquired Joe. "Who is it?"

"It is I, Gloria. May I come in?"

"Yes, do."

"Don't get up. Just relax. You must be tired. Then, too, you have a lot to do tonight!" mysteriously hinted Gloria.

"What have you up your sleeve? I will not be the victim of your plots!" threatened Joe jestingly.

"Really, dear, I thought you would be here for a few days or else I never would have planned it," hesitated Gloria.

"Um huh, what is 'it' may I ask?"

"Well, a little home coming party I thought would be very appropriate."

"That will be fine, honey. It will give me something to think over on my flight tonight."

"But you're not going to fly that plane back alone, are you? It is much too large!" admonished Gloria.

"I'll have a mechanic from the airport with me, so don't worry your little head about me. Oh, yes, speaking of heads, etc., I have a very good idea," knowingly nodded Joe.

"Pray tell, kind sir," jested Gloria.

"I was thinking, princess, that we should set a date on which you will become my queen."

"You say that divinely, kind sir. When would you suggest?"

He laughed. "Well, I don't mean to take you unawares, but tonight would be splendid."

"Joe, stop joking and let's be serious and sensible for a change."

"I am serious about setting the date. I thought perhaps when I get my leave next month. You know I am to have three months," said Joe. "What do you say, Gloria? Shall we announce it tonight? Are you game?"

"Y-yes, Joe, but let's not announce it tonight," said she, troubled. "I have the strangest feeling inside—as if we are close now but that something will happen. I know I shouldn't feel depressed, but I do, very much so. A cold hand seems to be slowly clasping my heart."

"Whoa, that's enough, Gertie Gloom, I don't like to hear anything like that!"

"I'm sorry, Joe, I didn't mean it, really I didn't. We'll just have one grand time tonight."

The party was a huge success and everyone was gloriously happy. Joe Stew-

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art was the center of everything — the life of the party. At 12:30 A.M. Joe was escorted to the airport by the group. One might think he was a hero who had performed a wonderful feat. He was their hero; they were proud of him, too. Gloria felt thrilled and honored that he was hers and in one month's time they would be one. Amid the roar of the engines of the massive army plane Gloria, clasped in Joe's arms, said goodbye to him. They could not speak above the roar of the motors. Gloria's face conveyed to Joe a warning to be careful. Indifferent certainty and assurance beamed through Joe's smile. He kissed Gloria goodbye and hopped into the plane.

As she watched the ship take off, she strangled a cry in her throat and cold dread enveloped her heart. Finally, the roar of the motors faded in the distance and Gloria, oblivious of her friends' sympathetic farewells, started her car and set out for home.

The road was dark and endless. Several times Gloria had to rouse herself for fear that she would fall deep in thought and lose control of the car. Home was just over the hill, but her heart did not rejoice. Why? She could not understand. Wasn't she going to be married next month? Never before had she felt like this when Joe left. It must be because she loved Joe so passionately.

Gloria, upon arriving home, unlocked the door and thought, "Mother and Dad must be sound asleep. I'd better not awaken them." Just then the telephone began to ring violently. Gloria answered, "Hello? . . . Yes, this is Miss Adams speaking. . . . What? . . . Oh, . . . thank

you." Her hands dropped to her sides, her eyes looked strained, her mouth was drawn. "His plane crashed. I felt it coming all day. Joe is dead!" she uttered in a dreadful monotone.

OLIVE LUTZ, '39.

Gypsy Autumn

Gypsy Autumn,
Golden days,
With crimson moods,
And vagrant ways.
Banks of russet,
Trees of flame
Heaping harvests
O'er the plains.
Nights of sharpness
Born of days
Whose colors fade
To black and grays.
The world is mourning
Through the night,
But with the dawn
Comes golden light.
And once again
A dream comes true;
A Gypsy Autumn
Lives anew.

RITA GALIPEAU, '42.



Color at the Football Game

FIVE hundred yards away, rising stately and austere above the swarm of parked automobiles, stands the Harvard Stadium. Its ivy colored walls glisten as the warm October sun beams on the growing verdure; atop its press box the American flag flaps in the breeze.

Our ears buzz like a multitude of bees with the din of voices.

"Buy your score cards here, score cards! Get the last minute line-ups of both teams."

"Parking here, only twenty-five cents."

"Souvenirs. Wear your team's colors. Show who your favorite is."

"Corsages, only fifty cents. Buy the lady a corsage, sir?"

"Cut your wheels a little to the right, sir. That's it. Better pull out and begin all over again. Say, Lady, where d'ya think you're goin'? Some of these women drivers — so help me."

As we approach the stadium and enter the grounds, the crowd becomes thicker. We can hear the ushers shouting above the roar of the crowd, "All tickets lettered A to F enter here. This is the North entrance. Hold your own tickets, please. Step lively! Only ten minutes to starting time."

Father hands us our tickets; Junior almost loses his, but a young man catches it before it reaches the ground.

A little boy, about ten years old, tries to sneak through the crowd; a mounted policeman ushers him out by way of the nearest exit. An attractive young girl is looking frantically for her escort; she waves her brilliant orange scarf above the crowd. A plump, middle-aged dowager

bedecked in furs and jewels rams her spiked heel into the shin of the man beside her. She weakly apologizes, acting as if he were to blame; he nods in acceptance, silently condemning all women over forty who try to look twenty-five.

The stairways hum beneath the millions of feet — young feet; impatient feet; weary, plodding feet; all kinds of feet — as the spectators climb to their seats.

Slowly but surely we make our way to section E; the usher glances at our ticket stubs and leads the way to our seats. We sit down and Father takes count — just to make sure Junior hasn't been lost in the rush. Relieved that somehow he has managed to get all five of us into the game alive and well, he begins to look around to see if there are any of his class seated near us.

Junior is gazing unsuspectingly at the press box when a booming voice just behind him nearly causes him to lose his balance.

"Why I'll be a . . . If it isn't Dick. . ." Father quickly looks in the direction of the voice. Of course, the owner—a short stout man wearing a derby and smoking a cigar—meant Father, but Junior, bearing the same name, thought he was the object of the greeting.

Over a row of heads Father and Mr. ——— compare notes on the class of '05, they swap cigars, and make a date for dinner. Their reminiscing is short-lived, for the music from the band and the consequent tapping of feet drown out further attempts at conversation.

The players, brilliantly attired in crimson and white uniforms, file onto the

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field. They go through intricate manœuvres; the drum major exhibits his prowess.

After the exhibition they take their places before the student body and alumni sections, and strike up the Alma Mater. The crowd rises to its feet; hats are removed as we reverently listen to the strains of the song.

The Alma Mater has a particular meaning for each alumnus and student; but, to all it represents the greatest school on earth. Young, tall, handsome men, filled

with the exuberance of youth; middle-aged men graying at the temples, some holding the hands of little boys already entered in the classes of the 1940's; old, white-haired men, tears in eyes — they all stand at attention.

The last musical note fades away; the crowd is hushed. Then a piercing, startling cheer breaks the loud silence. The crimson squad enters from the left; the blue from the right.

The game is on!

EILEEN PRESTON, '39.

W. S. T. C. WE'RE SAYING ON THIS CAMPUS

This year's freshmen seem to be a particularly naive group. For instance, after the first program of the year in the auditorium, the advertisement the juniors presented for their Fashion-Bridge, one awed freshman was heard to ask an upperclassman, "When *we* get to be juniors, will *we* have to write a skit and put it on?" Apprehension for this event of 1941 was easily apparent.

* * *

Then, too, there was the freshman who drives to school every day. One ill-fated morning a few weeks ago when planning to start out at the usual time, she could not find the keys to her car. Taking the bus would have meant missing her first hour class, so our innocent young frosh paid a taxi-fare of \$1.25—but she was not late!

* * *

Enough of freshmen; the juniors have plenty to keep them awake nights. The apprentices already out are always being

anxiously questioned by the next outgoing group as to what it's like to be teaching. One listener took heart upon hearing her friend reply, "No, I don't feel overworked," but promptly swooned when the apprentice added, "I just feel haunted!"

* * *

For all our trials and tribulations we have been having good times this semester. The juniors led off with the Fashion-Bridge, the seniors gave their dance, and the sophomores followed with the traditional Hallowe'en party. Then there was the College picnic at the campus fireplace, and way far back in the first week, the reception to the freshmen. The thing about those receptions that always thrills the entering students, and which they always remember, is the first singing of our College song. At no other time does one feel so keenly the sense of loyalty and oneness with fellow-students as when singing the Alma Mater.

Eleven

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When other subjects get dull, the conversation can still be turned back to our famous hurricane, and the ball will start rolling again. We have a constant reminder of it as we look out of the windows facing Chandler Street and see the giant centipede left from the trunk of one of our huge evergreens, still straddling the campus. It looks for all the world as if it will up and away some day, but every morning when we return, it is still at its post faithfully keeping company with its old stump, still rooted to the ground.

* * *

The building project on the hill behind the college is looked on with sorrow by many an S.T.C.-ite. No more hikes up there during gym period. And it does seem too bad to have a road carved out of that lovely hill that Dr. Shaw was wont to use as an example of a drumlin.

(You don't know what that means? Goodness!) But progress must be served, and if we don't go to the city, it just will come to us.

* * *

Things to be thankful for, now that the turkey season is upon us:

1. The tennis court.
2. The ping pong table.
3. Mr. Riordan's Grievance Committees.
4. Exams don't come until January.
5. The Collegiate Review, which is the most collegiate thing about college life.
6. The comparative scarcity of rah-rah-rah moving pictures this season. After tumult and the shouting of movie glamour has been waded through, what is left to college? Nothing, a la Hollywood. One hundred pages of outside reading, a la the real thing.



Poems by the Children in the Seventh Grade Training School

Anna M. Howe . . . Teacher

QUEEN OF THE FOREST

In the dark, thick forest
Stood a pine so tall and straight.
Strong winter winds and heavy snow
Help her branches to decorate.

Her winter dress is spotless white,
With diamonds that sparkle in the sun.
In spring, wearing her dress so green,
She rules the forest like a queen.

MURIEL SIGNOR.

* * *

MY HOUSE

I said to Daddy one day, said I
"There is a house that I wish you would
buy.
It's on a country road with shade;
Its grass and leaves are as green as jade.
The flowers in the garden blend
With every color the rainbow will lend.
This little house in the country so fair
Will always be standing forever there."

SUZANNE SHEPHERD.

* * *

JAPANESE CHERRY TREE

My cherry tree so beautiful
Stood on the lawn so green.
It was the nicest cherry tree
That I have ever seen.

The hurricane then came along
And knocked it to the ground.
I'm going to plant another tree
In that same spot of ground.

SHIRLEY McNABB.

WHO ARE YOU?

Funny little redcaps dancing on the
green,
Won't you tell me who you are,
And why you caused this dream?

You come and go so very quick,
You flicker like a candle stick.
You sing your song and then are gone.
Please tell me who you are.

MIRIAM WADE.

* * *

THE LONESOME HOUSE

I always remember to look and see
A beautiful house that's empty as can
be.
It has friendly windows and an inviting
door,
And many fine shrubs, yes, shrubs
galore.

It makes me feel sad to see it and say,
"Oh dear, I wish it would be happy
some day."

But my wish has never come true.

And now that house is old and lorn,
The grass is long, the shrubs are gone.
And the house is turning black.

Oh, what a pitiful sight to behold,
And I am still wishing
That house would be sold.

SHIRLEY ANNE GRANT.

"Reading Maketh a Full Man . . ."

MOST of us agree with Bacon that reading does help to make a full man, as well as a full woman, and not a few of us have tried to educate ourselves further by taking the suggestion to heart. Consequently, we spend precious leisure moments reading, which is well and good — but reading those books which are today popularly known as the "Best-Sellers." We feel that time used to digest the usually foul plot of a best seller is time that could be well used in some more advantageous way—swimming, seeing a good movie, or cooking a delicious meal. Consider, as a general rule, how best-sellers became best-sellers. How are they sold? First of all, some ambitious writer, whether previously known or unknown, decides to become the father of a best-seller. He dons tweeds and takes up pipe-smoking, because he thinks his pictures will be striking when they appear in the newspapers and *Life*. Then he reads smatterings about this and that, types and throws away copy after copy, and types some more; and finally presents himself to a publisher, proudly bearing his manuscript. The publisher, after much deliberation, decides to take a chance and issues the book — but not without a great deal of advance advertising, which boils down to nothing more than advance propaganda. The same hollow adjectives are used to describe the book as are used to describe second-rate movies. Too often a really critical reader of a best-seller is disappointed; the story not only falls short of what it has been acclaimed to be, it also falls so far down in the reader's estimation that it never

returns to his conscious mind strongly enough to be spoken about or discussed.

Notice, if you will, that we are here speaking of a really critical reader, one who has a good, substantial background for appreciating good literature, for appreciating that rarity of rarities — a good book. And because we speak of a really critical reader, we are not speaking of the average reader. Our psychologists tell us that we are a "nation of seventh graders, of twelve-year-olds." We are tempted to believe this when we view the greed with which the average reader devours these types of books that have no literary merit, no really beautiful language, and none of the rare philosophy that is always found in the best reading matter.

It is a common boast of students that they "finished the book at one sitting." This is the most common mark of praise found for most of our contemporary fly-by-night authors among their public. But this seems a highly uncomplimentary remark. Were the writing extremely exquisite, imbued with the philosophy of the author, it would be a true insult to him and his work not to ponder a while after each choice bit of what he has said.

It is amazing how many of us, laden with our mistaken idea of culture, enter society flaunting our superficial knowledge, gained mostly from the current best-seller, and consisting mostly of what does and does not make up a good eternal triangle story — and after all, what difference does it really make? — since it is nothing that will help sensible people to live full lives.

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But let us get down to cases. What books do we object to on the best seller list? Consider "The Wall" by Mary Roberts Rhinehart as an example of what America is reading and liking, if one is to judge from sales indexes. What has it to offer? No beauty of writing or thought certainly, no finely drawn characters, simply more killings than are found in the average slaughter house. Then think a bit about such books as "Wake Up and Live," "Live Alone and Like It," and "How to Win Friends and Influence People", examples of how mere man tries to hand out what he calls "common-sense advice" to more mere men; books full of material which the proud author considers enlightening, but which is more or less a repetition of the principles of ordinary lives. Such books we lay aside, and murmur, "What makes you think you're right and every one else is either wrong or ignorant?"

What, then, does make a full man, if not reading best-sellers? The answer is to be found in all of our public libraries. Did you ever notice that the basic stock of any library never changes? For years and years, generation after generation, there are certain books in the libraries that are read over and over, mind you, not by the average twelve-year-old reader, but by the truly intelligent, ambitious, and discriminating reader. The importance of good literature has been brought to the attention of educators lately in the curriculum of the St. John's College, in Annapolis, Maryland. There the main

course is built around the one hundred best world classics. However, we do not mean to advocate a complete abandonment of contemporary literature or to declare that all the newest books are a waste of time. But, we do declare that the intelligent reading public must establish a happy medium between the classics and modern writing. We should be familiar with Shakespeare to realize the worth of Maxwell Anderson; study the Bible to appreciate Thomas Mann; have a knowledge of such great Orientals as Tagore and Gibran to come to understand some other philosophy than the "eat, drink, and be merry" philosophy of the western world. We who would call ourselves educated cannot afford to ignore those writers who have provided the foundation to our literature. A superficial knowledge of literature is very little knowledge. The field is too large and too important to imbue merely the flux. A true knowledge of literature is a knowledge which goes back to its roots. Best-sellers usually are blossoms which are nipped in the bud; good books are blossoms which become fruit.

Therefore, if reading does make a full man, as does a fifteen course dinner, we advise you to consume a bit of everything; but make the main dish a grand dish of the world's best literature, and keep best-sellers for subordinate garnishings.

R. J. B.
R. M. C.
B. R.





A Prayer of Youth

Oh, Father! Let me never lose
The rapture of my youth—
Let me never think a blue jay's call
Is something "loud", "uncouth";
Let me always love the frothiness
Of white clouds as they pass,
And the quiet of the blue lake
That mirrors them like glass;
Let me keep my heart a-thrilling
With the awfulness of storms
As they bend the valiant flowers
Into writhing, twisting forms;
Let my soul ache for the sunset
Flung across the western sky—
Oh never let the pulsing joy
Of youth within me die!

FRANCES A. RYAN, '39.

De Adventu

AS you hurry off the last bus, dash madly into the locker room, and rush up three flights of stairs to your class at nine o'clock, do you ever marvel at the placidity of those fortunate people who arrive at the crack of dawn, linger a while in the corridors, and do an outside reading or two in the library before strolling off to their first hour class? Of course you do. And as you pause in your wild race to pick up the books that inevitably slide from your desperate grasp, do you not wish that you were one of those favored beings? Well, you know that nothing is impossible. There actually is a way for you to become a member of that leisurely group. But, of course, like all other things worth striving for, the conquest of the art of coming to school on time demands sacrifice and hard labor.

The first step in the acquisition of this accomplishment is the awakening; but do not think that you will rise at seven merely because you retired early. As a matter of fact, experience shows that the earlier one goes to bed, the sleepier he is in the morning. No, if you wish to be up at seven, inform your subconscious mind of the fact. Or, better still, if you cannot rely upon your subconscious, ask some reliable member of the family to wake you, or buy an alarm clock. However, the mere operation of opening the eyes produces no real result; you must exert your will power. Throw off the covers, jump out of bed, and climb into your bathrobe. After that is done, washing and dressing are simple

routine tasks. The only directions needed there are to be sure you allow a few moments for minor catastrophes, such as runs in your newest chiffon hose. But if you have made your bed and have patted your last curl into place in half an hour, you are doing well, and there is some hope that you may arrive at the college with the early birds.

Breakfast is the only remaining task, for since you planned last night to follow this campaign, you had your books and papers all neatly arranged in your briefcase before you went to bed. If you have plenty of time left, you may indulge in cereal or in an egg; but if you have only a few minutes, orange juice, toast, and cocoa (or coffee, if you prefer) will have to be hastily devoured, for you must always keep one eye cocked for the sound of the trolley in the distance. When you hear the faintest sign of its approach, drop whatever you are doing, seize your books, and run for the nearest car-stop.

Once aboard the car you may relax, for your rushing period is over for the day. The snail-like pace of the trolley will rest you, and may even bring you down town in time to board the first State College bus. This should leave you at the college with plenty of time to spare for social life and study before class. But if, after following these directions to the letter, you still arrive at school with only a few minutes to hurry off the bus, dash madly into the locker room, and rush up three flights of stairs to your class at nine o'clock, do not feel too badly. Just blame the hurricane.

FLORENCE NEWFIELD, '42.

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The Gift

If you had one gift to give a child
Would it be wealth?
Economic independence is desirable.
Would it be health?
But this is not all of your giving.
Would it be knowledge?
Well, knowledge is power.
Would it be beauty?
Beauty is not everlasting.
Would it be love of nature?
But this is inherent in him.
Would it be courage?
One must be cowardly to learn courage.
Would it be faith?
Faith is blind, and often not a virtue.
But what gift then would you choose?
Love of life, I think, and most of all—
Eternal curiosity!

ESTHER E. MATTHEWS, '40.

NOTE: *This is not meant to be a poem. It just took this form. This is exactly how it was thought without any change whatsoever. It is, I hope, an example of "stream of consciousness" writing.*

E. E. M.

Out of Season

Snow and stars have made a pact tonight
To steep my soul in beauty undefiled
And stay the steel-tipped arrow in its
flight
To pierce my heart with memory sweet
and wild
Of other nights when fields and woods
were green
And lightning, rosy search-light of the
Gods
Outlined your face, and cast in mystic
sheen
Enchanted glow that promised rich re-
wards
For love that even now flares as of yore
With ardor that could almost melt to dew
The slumbering drifts upon the icy floor
Of Earth that was Elysium, I had you.
Snow and stars are kind, their peaceful
spell
Would heal the aching pain that rapture
fled
Evokes; but all their balm cannot dispel
These shrouds of grief. They whisper
"Love is dead."

HELEN BARRY, '39.



IN MEMORIAM

To Mr. Echterbecker . . .

Who, in his knowledge and wisdom,
contributed much to our standards of
character.

We who knew him ever benefited by
his willingness to lend a guiding hand
when we needed help.

We who were in contact with him
found him a true friend and advisor, and
we have gained much from his high
ideals.

"We do not know beneath what sky
Nor on what seas shall be thy fate;
We only know it shall be high.
We only know it shall be great."



QUARTERLY REVIEW



STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

J A N U A R Y , 1 9 3 9

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EDITORIAL

Thoughts on the New Year

TRY as hard as you may, you cannot avoid the realization that a new year has opened before you and that you have come to another mile-stone on the road of progress. As you look forward along this road, have you a vision of what you may become as you pursue your way? Can you extend the horizon of your imagination sufficiently to glimpse the potential success that you may attain? Have your college studies brought you new revelations of what life may have in store for you, and have they struck some spark of inspiration that will perhaps fire your ambition as never before and supply the stimulus that may spur your efforts beyond all previous records to make good in your chosen profession? Would it not be a glorious climax to your earnest endeavors if you could in your educational advance equal the triumph of a young colored graduate of Tuskegee Industrial Institute who began his teaching with this sort of inspiration!

It was twenty-eight years ago that Mr. Booker T. Washington sent out Emmanuel M. McDuffie with words something like these: "There is in North Carolina a small community without a school for colored boys and girls. Go there, start a school, and God bless you." He went, found conditions as described, and although almost without financial resources he secured the use of an abandoned cabin in which he started school with five pupils. Through all the years since that beginning he labored and strove

to inspire to better things the pupils whom he gathered about him. Through the stimulation of his college studies and his teachers at Tuskegee and by persistent study and work, he overcame the limitations of his equipment and of his environment. He broadened his horizon and enlarged his ambition. He lived and suffered and grew; he fought many battles; he conquered many obstacles; until he finally stamped his personality so indelibly upon the life of that community that it will never forget him. In twenty-eight years he has increased the number of his pupils from 5 to 920; his school plant has grown from one cabin to 14 substantial buildings, most of them well-equipped and modern in their facilities, and he has built up an endowment of over two million dollars. That is his record as it stands today.

What an achievement it is, attained primarily through the influence of a stimulating teacher! What an inspiration to a beginning teacher to know that she has the opportunity and the privilege of aiding in a real transformation in the lives of her pupils! She can help enrich their minds. She can greatly enlarge their usefulness. She can even do much to better the community in which she teaches. In fact, as long as there are children to be educated and as long as teachers are needed to lead them in their education, you can be assured that there will ever be a place for the teacher with a vision. With this educational faith, therefore, you can, at the opening of this new year, con-

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fidently go forward, with stout hearts and strong purposes, courageous and unfaltering, for in this faith lies the hope

of mankind for growth and peace and happiness.

WILLIAM B. ASPINWALL.

In the Hut

IN THE outskirts of a little Russian village stood the hut of the Widow Kominsky. Within the dingy dwelling sat the Widow with her only son clasped in her embrace.

The year was 1860, at the time when a law of Russia required that each city or town give up annually a certain number of boys between the ages of fourteen and twenty to train for military service. Mrs. Kominsky had been warned that at six o'clock that day the guards were coming for her boy, the most precious thing in her life.

"Dimitry, they'll not take you away from me," she sobbed. "The good Lord will help me find a way to keep us from being parted."

Dimitry, a delicate youth of fifteen, looked up and answered through his tears, "But, Mother dear, money is the only means to save me from the guards and there is no way to get it."

"They'll never bring you back to me. Their work is for husky lads only," she moaned. "But Dimitry dear, they shall not take you from me. The good Lord will show us a way."

Ill luck had seemed to be the Widow Kominsky's portion ever since her husband's death. And now her most sacred possession was to be wrested from her. Over and over in her mind ran the words "They shall not take him. They

shall not take him." Minutes passed but the grief-stricken woman did not move.

The boy rose and walked to the window. The thought of leaving his beloved mother, his sole companion during his frequent periods of illness, to go into severe military training with strangers filled him with fear. Terror and anxiety stood out clearly on his thin face. Suddenly the woman jumped up with a joyful cry.

"Dimitry, my boy, they shall not take you! I have an idea." Eagerly she unfolded her plan. At one point the boy suppressed a shudder and said, "Mother, I am afraid."

His mother quickly replied, "Fear not, my dear. The Lord has devised this plan for me."

It was near six o'clock. Three guards marched noisily up to the hut. One of them knocked loudly on the door. A woman's sobs could be heard from within. When the soldiers received no answer but the continued wails of the woman, they opened the door. Boldly they entered the hut, but stepped back in surprise at the unexpected sight that met their eyes. In the dim twilight they perceived the bent figure of a woman weeping over a mound of white on the floor. On either side of the mound were lighted candles which cast a deathly glow over the room.

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"Madame," began the spokesman of the guards, "we have come for your son, Dimitry Kominsky." The grief-stricken woman lifted her eyes and in a trembling voice cried, "A greater Power has taken my boy from me. My son has gone to serve a greater Master." Her weeping began anew as she bent over the body, disregarding the presence of the soldiers. After a moment's pause the guards turned and departed.

No sooner had their footsteps died away than the woman's sobbing ceased and she jumped to her feet. She latched the door and glanced furtively out of the window.

"We are safe," she called in a hushed voice. "Come, Dimitry." But the white

mound made no move. Believing that her son had not heard her she exclaimed cheerfully, "Have no fear, my dear. They have gone." Still no movement from the figure on the floor. Bending over her son, Mrs. Kominsky pulled away the sheet. A cry escaped her. As if in a daze she began to shake her son, calling his name frantically over and over again. The form remained motionless. Slowly the truth dawned on her. Terror and suspense had proved too great a strain on the delicate Dimitry. With a stifled cry the Widow Kominsky sank to the floor.

Outside the dark night had descended. The rain fell relentlessly; the wind howled around the little hut.

NOTE: No name is given for the author because this is a true story.

CHRISTMAS SEALS



**Help to Protect
Your Home from
Tuberculosis**

Story of the 1938 Christmas Seal

NOTE: The following article and an electrotype of the Christmas Seal was sent to the *Quarterly Review* by William C. Radcliffe, treasurer of the Southern Worcester County Health Association, Inc., and chairman of the 1938 Christmas Seal Sale Committee, for publication. At this late date any mention of Christmas is old news. However, since we had no holiday publication and since the subject is of such universal interest the year around, we give you now the story of the 1938 Christmas Seal.



THE designer of the 1938 Christmas Seal, Lloyd Coe, now a resident of New York City, was born at Edgartown, Martha's Vineyard, in Massachusetts. His education in art and his background are worthy of note, covering a wide variety of experience.

Following courses at the National Academy of Design and at the Metro-

politan Art School, he had the advantage of studying with the world famous painter, George Pearce Ennis. Landscapes made in Eastport, Maine, and in New Brunswick, Canada, and in Bavaria, Germany, have received recognition at exhibits held by such fine arts associations as the American Water Color Society and the New York Water Color Club. Many

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of his pictures have been sold to private collectors.

Mr. Coe's commercial experience includes decorative maps, bookplates, book jackets, and many illustrations for children's magazines, periodicals, and books. Under the signature of "Lloyd" he has contributed literary cartoons to the Saturday Review of Literature and was co-author with John Gray and illustrator of a pictorial question book called, "Name It."

Specializing in composition, Mr. Coe teaches color theory and applied art at the Metropolitan Art School in New York. His courses are given in the George Pearce Ennis painting class. Mr. Coe's art has a modern tendency and shows the influence of several of his favorite artists—Vermeer, Cezanne, El Greco, and John Marin. He prefers subjective painting to objective work. As an example of carefully executed and exquisitely colorful art work, Mr. Coe's design is one of the best ever chosen by a Christmas Seal Advisory Committee.

Because we have had so many inquiries about how the artist chooses and works out a Christmas Seal design, we have asked Mr. Coe to tell us the story behind the 1938 Seal. Of course, he had to meet first the problem that confronts every designer of a Christmas Seal, namely that of conforming to the tiny size of the finished Seal.

"To choose a subject that would fit into this small space was a most fascinating project," said Mr. Coe. "I wanted to have a 'Christmasy' theme and at the same time suggest in some way a thought that would be associated with the tuberculosis movement. After talking over sev-

eral suggestions with Mr. Newcomb (of the National Tuberculosis Association), we decided that the idea of lighting a Christmas candle was a most pleasant and dignified ritual to use as a theme. Then to give this an appeal that would link it up with the favorite slogan, 'Protect Your Home from Tuberculosis,' we introduced the mother and her two children. The old custom of making a ritual of lighting the Christmas candle was reminiscent of earlier days, so we next decided to costume our characters in the style of the nineteenth century. Godey's Ladies' Books were studied and we gave our mother the wasplike waistline and the billowy skirt of one of those elaborately clothed ladies of the Victorian era. Our little boy and girl, likewise wear the formal costumes of that period. These costumes not only add decorative value but they suggest the sentimentality with the period in which 'Home' was idealized, as well it still should be today."

Mr. Coe then had to decide upon his colors, which would be attractive not only on the single seal, but, when combined on the sheet of 100 seals. This necessitated making a series of sketches, trial proofs and revisions. "The white line between the red border and the picture," explained Mr. Coe, "grew from the need of keeping the red from crowding into the picture, yet permitting it to act as a frame. The red and green, rather intense colors, were modified by the brown, and the black was used for accent and to suggest modeling. The white areas were left to set off the colors and give a certain sparkle to the single seal as well as to the sheet as a whole."

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"Those who study the seal may be amused at two seemingly unimportant details that had to be changed during the process of getting the design wholly pleasing and consistent. The children originally stood on a rectangular rug. You'd be surprised how wrong this was in the general flow of the design. Out it came and the present oval old-fashioned rug such as our great-grandmothers used to make was substituted. Then our green draperies—they had to be chopped off and made narrower. Some one pointed out that they were too near the candle flame and might burn the house down. For safety's sake we gave more candle space and window space."

In order to associate with the Christmas Seal sale certain historical features of the tuberculosis campaign, it was decided to use portraits instead of health

education slogans on the corner seals of the sheet. This year's corner Seals show portraits of Laennec, Koch, Trudeau, and Holbol, famous names in tuberculosis history.

The Christmas Seals are printed in large sheets by off-set lithography. These large sheets are then cut up into one hundreds and perforated, or vice versa as the printer's equipment may dictate. In 1937, nearly two billion Christmas Seals were printed accounting for two carloads of gummed paper.

Lithographers' marks, especially interesting to collectors, are put on the sheets of seals for purposes of identification so that we may know where certain supplies of seals come from. These identification marks for the 1938 sheet of seals appear on the fifty-sixth seal of each sheet.



Open Forum

STAGE SCENERY *vs.* STAGE CURTAINS

SHOULD the W. S. T. C. Dramatic Club spend much needed money to rent or possibly buy special scenery for its plays? I believe not. So many complications arise that the scenery is not worth the money, worry or trouble. Some of you may consider me too hasty in passing judgment upon this question, after having seen only one such instance here at the College. Perhaps I am. If you have arguments refuting the statements I am about to give, by all means send them to the *Quarterly Review* to be printed. At any rate, I feel certain that we do not need special stage scenery to make our plays a success.

Generally speaking, plays fall into two types: those dependent upon characterization for effect; those dependent upon atmosphere or background for effect. The play given here at the College last spring, *I Have Five Daughters*, is distinctly a play of characterization which deals with the superficiality of society in Jane Austen's day. Where, then, was the need for such an elaborate background as was used in our production? As it was given, the scenery and the acting reached a state of equilibrium. Neither was predominant. The whole evening I was oppressively conscious of the heavy dark panelling, of the ornate carving above the doors, of the large, blue border motif near the ceiling, when my attention should have been directed to the actors. Some one of you may complain that to have used any other set would have lifted the play out

of its proper period. That is true, but why have any scenery at all? Are not the neutral-toned curtains satisfactory enough to set off the plays, the costumes, the furniture, to the best advantage? I believe they are. Previous performances have proved their success. The curtains remain always what they are meant to be—a background for the play.

Our stage is much too small for the effective use of scenery. Measured from the footlights the stage floor is fifteen feet deep. In order that the scenery or flats be absolutely secure, standards or braces are used, and these standards must be set at least one and one-half feet out from the base of the flats. Give the players another foot of space in which to make their way around back stage and you have only about eleven feet of actual playing room left. Now, at the front of the stage the curtains close in a line about eight inches back of the footlights, this measurement being taken *at the side of the stage*. Obviously the furniture cannot be placed beyond this curtain line. In the small area remaining, how are you going to arrange the furniture for beauty and purpose? When the play was given here, the chairs, the table, and the sofa were too crowded for the most pleasing effect. The crowding allowed the actors very little space in which to move. Entrances were poor because the properties were in the way; interest lagged in the audience noticeably at times because the

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players remained still too long to deliver their lines. In these last specific points the objections were not mine alone. Other members of the audience remarked that the play seemed "dead in spots" because the characters had no place to go once they were on the stage. And all because of a crowded stage.

The color of the walls was extremely unfortunate. Interior decorators contend that if a room is small, the walls should be of some light, cool, receding color. The general effect is that of a fairly large room. Quite in contrast, the stage scenery seemed to walk out on to the audience because the warm tones of the red and brown colors were so advancing. The scenery used in the Mt. Holyoke production may not have been *exactly* in period, but the light lavender walls with the white wainscoting made a charmingly light, yet recessive, background. The characters were most important—as they would have been here had the curtains been used.

Why bother with the worry of elaborate scenery when a recent New York success played without even a curtain? *Julius Caesar* given on a comparatively bare stage with the actors dressed in modern clothes took a firm hold on New York audiences. During a stage-hand strike, *Father Malachy's Miracle* played without scenery and was just as appealing to the audience as previous performances had been. Other examples I can cite are *High Tor* and the *Road to Glory*. However, I must admit two facts: scenery was used; the plays depended a great deal upon atmosphere for effect. But — and here lies the important point—the setting

was simple and unobtrusive so as to give the desired atmosphere without detracting from the players. People like to let their imaginations run loose. Give them that satisfaction.

Lastly, the Dramatic Club cannot afford such a set. The scenery for our presentation was rented at a cost of forty dollars. About the lowest price quoted for having a set made was fifty-nine dollars. When costumes come as high as five dollars apiece, when play books cost about sixty-five cents each, when royalty is twenty-five dollars, how far can our allotted one hundred dollars stretch?

You say that I have done nothing but criticize, have offered nothing constructive. All right—I believe the Friday program of Senior Week was a striking example of what can be done with effective lighting. I defy anyone to say that the same program would have proved *more* effective with elaborate stage setting befitting its particular period. If our money is put into good plays, costumes, make-up, furniture, and lighting, I believe we gain everything. And another suggestion—why not have made here at College by the girls themselves, plastic units of two stylized doorways? We already own a French door unit. Add to that a grill doorway suggestive of an Italian or a Spanish scene, and a very formal door that can be used in practically any case, and you can meet any demand. These units are inexpensive and can be used with the curtains on any side of the stage.

We are a small college. We cannot hope to carry on activities out of keeping with our size and financial condition.

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Surely, an elaborate stage setting on our small stage is an incongruity. Help keep our activities on a simple but sincere plane.

MARGARET STONE, '39.

In response to the suggestion given at assembly, the following comment, supporting the

question, was received:

We pride ourselves on being modern. Why not be truly modern and follow the example of recent Broadway hits that had no scenery or stage properties? Then, too, absence of stage setting will develop a better type of acting—acting that depends on its characters' ability to project meanings without the aid of setting.

Frank Craven used a plank. Why can't we?
JINI.

W. S. T. C. WE'RE SAYING ON THIS CAMPUS

Now that we are refreshed by our vacation, we can doubly appreciate the extension of time that was given us during the holiday season. It was a grand Christmas present, and we hereby extend to Dr. Aspinwall a big THANK YOU.

* * *

The children at our Christmas party seemed tinier than ever this year, and cuter, if that's possible. They were simply overwhelmed by their new surroundings; and the poor little boy who burst into tears when he became "it" certainly did not realize that he was supposed to be having fun! But at least they were not so sophisticated as the group last year which openly challenged Santa because his "whiskies" did not look real. In fact, they thought it was just wonderful that Santa actually knew their names.

Little accidents *will* happen, no matter how well planned an occasion is. After the party Miss West was pacing the corridors with a rather perplexed look on her face. Two of the girls volunteered assistance.

"No, there's really nothing the matter," she replied. "I've only lost fifty

children, that's all!"

However there was a happy ending, because the children were found, safe and sound, in Miss Kendrick's room.

* * *

We are sure Billy Joe Riordan, having now had a chance to get acquainted with the world these past few weeks, is finding it to his liking. Probably he doesn't know it, but the girls have all taken him to their hearts sight unseen, and he is well on his way toward becoming the official College Baby.

* * *

Schoolroom boners are funny when you see them in print, but they are much funnier when they are uttered by a young innocent whose face looks up at yours in all seriousness. One of our apprentices tells of the spelling lesson she conducted the other day. One of the words was "tyrant."

"What's a tyrant?" she asked. Came the reply,

"It's a boy who stays away from school when he's not supposed to."

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Speaking of absent-minded professors, which we aren't, Grace Palmer was thought to be one rather prematurely—at least she had taken on the characteristics of one a few weeks ago. The Dramatic Club officers planned to meet at the Post Office before proceeding to their banquet at the Abner Wheeler House. Came the appointed hour and everyone was there but Grace. They waited—and waited. Finally someone had the bright idea of calling her home, and there was Grace in blissful ignorance of all plans for the outing, calmly studying at home while her colleagues were cooling their heels at the Post Office.

P.S.—She Went.

* * *

We think the Freshman class is a great addition to the College in the music department, judging from the talent shown from our stage during the Christmas season. We're sure it will be but a mat-

ter of time before they begin to reveal talents in other directions.

* * *

The new college hymn, which is our very own, is a beautiful one, and sounds most impressive. It expresses our affection for the College now and in the future, and is a fitting supplement to our rousing College Song. The hymn sounded especially lovely when it was hummed by the Bach Choir as the theme for its radio program on December 14.

* * *

New Year's Resolutions:

The Freshmen: To become infused with the all-college spirit.

The Sophomores: To attend the Junior Prom.

The Juniors: To attend the Sophomore Hop.

The Seniors: To attend everything.

All of us: To study.

To the Oak

Oh mighty tree that guards the woodland path,
Thy strength appalls me as I watch thee here.
The angry winds and violent boisterous wrath
Of numerous storms that sweep the earth each year
Have left thee free from harm. Thy limbs are seen
To tower high above all humble mortals.
When nature clothes thee in its verdant green,
They form a lovely, gorgeous portal.
And under this in childhood days I'd dream
And sometimes wonder if the fairies dwelt
In realms above that leafy, lacy sheen.
But now in me an humble awe is felt,
For in thy strength I see expressed the might
Of Him, our God, who teaches us the right.

SARA PRESSMAN, '41.



The Customer Is Always Right

“YOUNG lady, I have been waiting here for fifteen minutes and I want service immediately.” Smile pleasantly, poor slave of toil, this is the customer who is always right. This engaging, winning personality appears in many delightful forms.

Sometimes she stands before you perching one of those merry elfin hats above a visage like the Great Stone Face. This creature invariably knows all there is to be known about everything. Her theme song is that violent refrain: “I want what I want when I want it.” Her journey through the store is like Sherman’s march through Georgia; devastated clerks and ruined floor-walkers are left prostrate in the aisles.

At other times, she makes her appearances as an amiable person who smiles and smiles. Spread happiness and joy while turning mental cartwheels, thou pawn of fortune. What matters it if the lady speaks the Roman, Grecian, or Lilliputian version of English? What matters it if she can’t talk at all, or if she, although pouring forth her own melodious notes, is unable to hear your dulcet answering tones? Shriek on, and if at first you don’t succeed, parade, madam, around the counter, pointing out each and every article.

To add to the joy of the “service with a smile” comes a slightly insane but perfectly harmless individual with the enormous bag of articles “all bought at your counter” and all to be returned. Elbowing her out of the way is the polite gentleman who expects to be supplied

with an entire machine shop from the hardware department of the Five and Ten.

You turn from this gentleman of the old school and find that the sweet-faced old maiden who was waiting so patiently — “take your time, dearie, I’m in no hurry” — has walked away with half the counter display. It is dangerous to have faith in human nature. Is there a bitter taste in your mouth oh super-salesman?

Oh yes, no day would be complete without this final blow from humanity. Make way for the “counter-tosser-upper.” She is a piece of animated fog, vague and misty as to appearance, and dense and opaque as to thought. There is a key word that opens the door to this personality. She drifts up to the counter and announces to no one in particular, “I-don’t-know-just-what-I-want, -I-think-I’ll-look-around.” Then she gently envelopes the counter for a while and again drifts away. Prepare for a shock when the fog has lifted, thou back-broken-toiler. All has been changed — “things ain’t what they used to be.”

Flowing in and out among these rocks in the otherwise rough path of the cheerful heart is the stream of anxious, worried souls seeking for what they cannot find. “Can you tell me where the shoe laces, or the candies, or the mouse-traps or Mary McGuire and Susie Katchup are?” To these harried questions give the most definite answers. The all-seeing, all-knowing customers won’t follow them anyway. They say that you will receive a clear insight into human character,

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will obtain great poise and ability to mingle with people. Perhaps you will; perchance you will not. What you really learn, dear slave, is the curse of an aching back, the agony of blistered feet, the madness of screaming nerves, and the

tenseness of rigidly controlled emotions. Work on, thou insignificant drudge, agonize and struggle and curse. Raise up thine eyes unto the hills whence looms the question "Why?"

MARY HUNT, '40.

CARPE DIEM

Hail to one whose life was spent
In lauding means to be content,
Who in nature found certain charm
Omnipresent in his Sabine Farm.

He loved headstrong Anio rushing by
And fulminating Jove out of the sky,
And the tawny Tiber that held a thrill
Lacking in any Roman hill.

The fons Bandusium, clearer than glass
Seemed to murmur "Do not pass":
Its magic of such a mode
Could summon Faunus from his abode.

Beneath a grove of shady oak,
He with the merry Muses spoke.
With mild four-year wine to imbibe,
This was peace for which to strive!

In Carpe Diem all life he molds
For who knows what tomorrow holds?
Oh Horace! with thee we stand
Cherishing your Sabine farm on this new land!

EDITH MANSI, '41.

NOTE: This poem was inspired through a recent study of *Horace* in Latin class.

Interludes in Civilization

I.

CHINA . . .

My soul and body have been pierced by swords, swift and writhing as snakes, yet it has not shed a drop of blood. I have died a thousand deaths within the past hours, yet I breathe and exist even as you. I am as old as eternity yet in years I am but a child.

You call it the sacking of a city. I call it robbing me of all that is rightfully mine: love, faith, hope, ideals, wonder at the beauty of things and of life itself, the birthright of every child, the glory of childhood. I call it the killing of a soul, a deed far more cruel than the destruction of a body, for it has left nothing but a hollow, empty shell wherein there might have blossomed the flower of youth and the fruit of manhood, rather than this unfeeling, spiritless body, lifeless in life.

Until the day when my earthly remains shall be laid to rest beside those of my ancestors, my eyes will see that which lies before them, but my brain will see but one thing, for it is haunted and filled with the sight of rushing soldiers. Brandishing swords, obsessed with the mad laughter of one bent on destruction, they burst down upon us as we sat at the table finishing a meal of rice. I shall never forget the look of terror on the face of my mother as she gained realization of what had befallen us, and the feeling of anger which enveloped my father. He had no chance to resist them nor to reason with them, for his life was cut short by first one bayonet, then two, and three. A soldier, mad with the de-

sire for my mother, seized her, and when she spat in his face, he threw her from him, splitting her head against the side of the table. When I tried to shield her body from a kick from his heavy boot, he flung me aside, and then leering at me maliciously amidst the taunts of his companions, he drew a sword and ran it through the soft body of my mother, destroying life and life within life.

There is but one consolation, that I can never be hurt again. I may hurt others, but nothing can hurt me. I am as void of physical feeling as I am of love and hate.

II.

GERMANY . . .

They have done nothing to me—my home and family are secure, my education is guaranteed, I have a good position in view, and all in all my future should be a bright one. But how can it be bright when they have taken away my best friend and a part of my life? With whom can I now share my innermost thoughts and ideals?

David was a grand fellow, handsome character, handsome body, and plenty of grit and determination. I can still remember the day we started out to our first day at school—together. I can remember how he always defended me in those school-boy rows; how he fought for and with me; how we played pranks; did our lessons; took long walks in the spring; and even dreamed—together. He was closer to me than any brother could have been. How joyous we were when we learned we could both go to the University! And how diligently we studied to

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share that place at the head of our class! How I admired and envied his brilliant mind! We used the same books, formed our own opinions with the same sort of confidence, and still dreamed—together. Gradually, we could see ourselves moving nearer and nearer the realization of our visions. Then came that day when our cathedral of dreams fell around our feet in tinkling pieces of drab, useless glass. David had committed the unpardonable crime of being born a Hebrew. His home was ransacked and looted, his family driven out of the city, and David himself went to one of those camps where no one seems to know the horror that awaits the men that go there.

In just a twinkling my life is smashed because my brother's life is smashed. How can I be a part of that civilization that breaks up families, takes from them their rightful gain, and makes man deliberately turn and try to hate the people he has learned to love? Are we young Germans—so-called Aryans—supposed to stand by and see our brothers tortured, see talent and genius trampled and ignored, and even be called upon to help in this bloody work—are we to stand by and, with shouts and songs of approval, salute the marvelous advance of civilization?

III.

UNITED STATES . . .

I saw them when I walked to town last week. It was a long walk—seventeen miles each way, but I wanted to make sure that what I heard was true. And it is.

They have clothes that are just like the pictures in the catalogs down at the

common store. Their clothes are clean, pretty colors, and they don't look as though they were tied and pinned onto the people. Those folks look warm. But I passed some stores where they sell those clothes, great stone buildings with big shiny glass windows, and I looked at those prices on the clothes. O yes, I can read price tags. How could I buy clothes like those when I make only \$6.25 clear profit in a year? Out of that I have to buy the bare needs of our home and family. But maybe everyone doesn't make only \$6.25 a year—maybe those town folks earn more money, working in offices, and even on their own farms instead of on one that belongs to a mean, thieving, scheming landlord. Maybe . . .

And then I looked in the window of one of those eating places. People were going in and out, eating, and spending money just as if it were pebbles! And they weren't eating molasses, fat, and corn-meal—no, they were eating good meat, and turnips, and spinach, and lettuce—all those things that we sharecroppers plant and care for and give to the landlord and never see again. So this is where all that food goes. That man makes money for selling it now that it's cooked, but I didn't make any profit for selling it when it was fresh from our farm.

And as I walked around the town I saw large brick buildings that some boys told me were schools. These town children go to school everyday and learn something. The ones I saw had on shoes, and stockings, and little coats and hats. But my Sam and Helen can't go to school because I can't buy them shoes.

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They have to wear burlap clothes because we can't afford anything else on my \$6.25 a year.

Since that trip to town I've been doing some thinking. Of course, I haven't been to school and don't know what all sorts of books say about it, but I've decided that something's wrong somewhere. Why is it that some people have warm, clean clothes, eat good foods, and get good educations, and seventeen miles away their neighbors wear sacking and worn-out overalls, and no shoes, for years; eat molasses and cornbread; and never learn how to read and write and figure to keep the landlord from endlessly cheating them? This is the United States,

a "land of opportunity" but what opportunity do we sharecroppers have? We can't leave the farms because the owner figures that at the end of every year we owe him money, and goodness knows we work hard enough to be millionaires! And so in this "land of the free" we have slavery seventy years after Emancipation.

Something's wrong with civilization when people in a big rich country like this starve to death. Civilization? . . . Maybe I shouldn't have gone to town, then I wouldn't know that I'm being cheated out of what rightfully belongs to me. Then again . . .

M. C.

R. B.

In Memoriam

Here lies the memory of one old Flivver
Owned by a man of note.

Here lies the memory of one old Ford
On whom his pride would dote.

She creaked and whistled in the rain
Her hood would rattle, too,
Her chassis often felt the strain,
Her tires often blew.

Her vagrant ways were a source of fear
Yet she was loved by all.
Her brakes were gone, she tore along
And stopped by squeaks and stall.

Her owner aged by leaps and bounds
Each time he took her out,
He knew she was a vagabond
At whom police would shout.

That didn't stop his love until
A lady Chev. arrived;
He sold his Ford, as well he might,
For streamline caught his eye.

So here's to the memory of one fine
friend,
I love her even yet.
Here's to the scamp that sold her
For a greenish Chevrolette.

RITA GALIPEAU, '42.

Book Reviews

The Yearling

IF YOU are looking for a story which will make you laugh a little and cry a little; which will warm you all over; and carry you entirely away for several hours to a Florida enchanting in beauty and wild life, read *The Yearling*, by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings.

Jody is a boy born and raised on a clearing in the Florida scrubland. He is the only child of a mother who has borne so much trouble that her emotions are too dulled to lavish much affection on her child, and of a father who clings to the child as his only relief from the memory of these troubles. Jody is a real boy, longing for a friend to share his joys and troubles. The thing he wishes for most to relieve his loneliness is a live pet, which his mother forbids him to have because of the bother it would entail for her. But circumstances bring it about that Jody's parents cannot refuse him a fawn, since his father has to kill the mother to cure a rattlesnake bite which otherwise would have caused his death. The novel tells the story of Jody and his beloved fawn.

Marjorie Rawlings lives in the land of the people she writes about, and she knows them and their ways of life in every phase. She writes of them with an affection and sympathy which evoke the same response in the reader. Her loving portrayal of Jody and his wonderful father, Ezra Baxter, known as "Penny" because of his diminutive size, and of the understanding love which they had for each other makes the reader love

them both, and feel as if they were old friends. One sympathizes with Ma Baxter if he does not love her, because he realizes that kindness underlies her sharp tongue and dark outlook. The Forresters, rough and wild but not thoroughly bad, Grandma Hutto and her son Oliver, and the store keeper are real people whom one accepts with their faults and graces because they just are that way. Anyone who has ever loved a puppy, a kitten, or a pony, and watched it grow to a yearling must love "Flag" as much as Jody does.

The Yearling is a pleasing relief from the naturalistic school of modern writers, so many of whose books we read to-day as best sellers in spite of crude style and unskilled use of the naturalism. The author's style is smooth, swift-moving in action and soothing in description. Her latest novel is a book that will undoubtedly last, and that will be read over again and again by those who have enjoyed it once.

MARY CASHEN, '41.

Latitude 80° 08' South

A Review of "Alone"

by Richard E. Byrd

NEVER has any country honored a deserving citizen to a greater extent than America has honored Admiral Richard E. Byrd. Nearly everything that the world has to offer has been his. There was just one thing lacking back in 1934—solitude. This he achieved finally in

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a veritable no-man's land at Latitude 80° 08' South.

Alone is a very intimate and personal account of Byrd's four and half months' isolation at Advance Base, a place one hundred and twenty miles south of Little America. Upon reading the book one becomes acutely aware that Admiral Byrd above all else is appealing to his readers to understand him and his activities. At the beginning he states that there were no important purposes for his lonely siege. Aside from the scientific work involved, he wished to go "for the experience's sake." "I wanted time to catch up, to study and think and listen to the phonograph." Originally, Byrd had planned to man Advance Base with three men. A hut was built to accommodate this number. However, unavoidable circumstances and the risks of a psychological order led him to rearrange his plans and to face isolation alone. He fully realized the criticisms he would (and did) have to bear in adopting this decision. In quoting some of the gossip that came to him indirectly he says, "There were several gospel truths about Advance Base. One is that I was exiled by my own men. Another is that I went out there to do some quiet but serious drinking." In spite of these false accusations and a number of misgivings, Byrd became a voluntary exile from all that bore any semblance of a civilized world on March 23, 1934.

The Admiral reports his first two months as "a grand period when I was conscious only of a mind utterly at peace." Though badly handicapped by a lame shoulder and by the lack of an alarm

clock and a cook book, he happily adapted himself to a fixed routine. His time became taken up with charting meteorological findings, taking precarious walks, conversing with Little America by radio, taking careful stock of calories, appealing via wireless to Oscar of the Waldorf for aid in the culinary arts, betting against himself in card games, playing phonograph records, and reading such authors as Santayana, Marquand, Yule, and Maugham — all philosophers like himself. He also found time to dwell on the wonders of the natural world. With the delicate phraseology of a poet, Byrd gives signs of his appreciative nature in such passages as, "Due west, halfway to the zenith, Venus was an unblinking diamond; and opposite her, in the western sky was a brilliant twinkling star set off exquisitely, as was Venus, in a sea of blue. In the northeast a silver-green serpentine aurora pulsed and quivered gently. . . It was all delicate and illusive. But the way these things went together showed a master's touch." And it was at this time that the author found God and peace — or harmony as he calls it.

There followed a period of menacing darkness during which Byrd proved his nearly superhuman courage and self-mastery. This period consisted of a war against asphyxiation from the monoxide fumes emitted from the leaky joints of the stove and from the gasoline generator. Desperately ill and completely alone, not sure that he would win the struggle against death, the Admiral carried on his dreaded and wearing routine, always

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careful not to reveal his troubles to his men at Little America lest they risk their lives in an attempt to rescue him. There came times when Byrd thought he was on the verge of going mad. But only once did he give way to utter despair and he ultimately conquered this mood. But why go on? To appreciate the full wonder of such a man, one must read Admiral Byrd's own intimate account.

No other man could have written such a book as this, for no other has had such an experience. Few men would have had the courage to relive the bitter moments of such a siege by putting them down on paper. Few men could treat so intimate

a subject in such a straightforward, honest, simple way. Admiral Byrd has done all of this. He pierces our self-complacency with his grim mental and emotional battles. He upsets our emotional equilibrium with his account of a man playing a gruesome game of Tug o' War, with Death on one hand and Life on the other, always exerting all his debilitated efforts towards making Life the valiant victor. He draws forth all our admiration with his fine example of conscientious leadership. Finally, he wins our vote of thanks for letting us share his experiences in *Alone*.

MARJORIE THOMAS, '40.

A Mortal Questions

"Life, thou cup of protoplasmic strength
From which we mortals drink,
Are you the great deceiver?
Or do we deceive ourselves?
Why must this cup at brimming
Be slightly bitter to the taste?
Why do we in our haste to drink
Spill the contents everlastingly?

"Remember, Mortal, though ye may drink
The price is way beyond your ken,
Your Soul is wrought from drops of this clear liquid.
In this short span of mere existence
One moment is supreme.
Then, Mortal, drink thy fill!
And have thy worldly dream."

RITA GALIPEAU, '42.



Exchanges

FROM the numerous articles contained in the newspapers and magazines of other colleges a few items have been chosen which we hope will be of interest to you.

During the week of November 14-19 Dr. Wilho Siukonen, Principal of the Rauma Normal School at Rauma, Finland, visited Fitchburg State Teachers College. One of the observations made during his visit was that the students in our country are on much more intimate terms with their teachers than is the case in Finland. According to Dr. Siukonen, "The Finns would rather have intensive and severe school discipline—and they would neither enjoy your method nor succeed under it." Those features of the general educational trend in American schools of which the Doctor most approved were a deep appreciation of the psychological propensities of the growing students, an excellent pedagogical system, and the intense desire to

do everything possible in paving the way for the future citizen and in making his way as happy as possible.

The November issue of *The Paltzonette* of New Paltz Normal School in New York state is a sports issue. An article called "Am I a Sport or a Sportsman?" brings out the fact that being a good sportsman is being something different from a good sport. A sport is generally one who consents to do something without consideration of the consequences to ourselves and to others. A sportsman is one who makes the Golden Rule one of the fundamental rules of his life. Let us, as prospective teachers, never risk our health and happiness, our reputation, our friendships for the purpose of being a good sport.

Although school newspapers and magazines differ greatly, the exchange of ideas among the colleges in this way is both interesting and valuable.

And See Not

So simple, so little a thing—to follow a star,
To walk in the way of security, traveling far
From the troublesome pastures toward release
Under the quiet skies in the search for peace.
So clear, so artless a thing—to follow a star
Into a stable's heart where celestials are,
To turn from the wearing herd and the watch in the night
From hunger and cold and pain, to step into light!
So many would take the way, erect, serene.
So many would follow the star—so few have seen.

BETTY DEWITT, '41.

Food for Thought

IN ONE of his essays Lewis Carroll points out that the neglect of the body can be clearly seen and felt, but that there is no way to take the mind's temperature and pulse, and it therefore suffers from neglect.

Proper diet for the brain, then, is as necessary as correct nourishment for the body. To carry this simile further, let me say that I thoroughly enjoy my dinner of Babbitt as prepared by Sinclair Lewis. His interesting course gives us a sense of anticipation; I enjoy the sharpness of flavor and the feeling that the appetite was whetted. The main dish is a work of art, though some people do not agree as to its delicacy. I like this common touch because it made me feel at home. I know that I can eat the celery without the feeling that the host and the com-

pany are disturbed by the noise. The desert is properly timed, and as it has been prosaically described, "It crowned the dinner." It was just the way I wanted the finish of the meal to be, and I was satisfied.

When I sat down to this meal, I did not analyze the contents; I merely enjoyed the eating. I can now see how well balanced are its ingredients, and what subtle flavors are neatly mixed into the common foods. I am not worried about my digestion either, as perhaps I might be if I had attended a ten course dinner, which is an epicurean feat of great dimension. No, this dinner was more than the everyday meal and not nearly so formal as a banquet. In Babbitt's own vernacular, "It's a Sinclair Special."

RITA GALIPEAU, '42.

He Is Risen

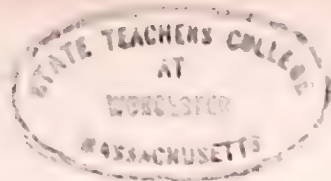
Oh star, I have followed—so far have I come,
The courtyard is here, and the inn,
The stable is dark with the dimness of age,
But—there is nothing within!

My prince is not here, and the silence is deep,
The shepherds and kings gone away,
I found but the fragrance of incense and myrrh
And—a nail in the mouldering hay!

BETTY DEWITT, '41.







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★ MARCH, 1939 ★

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STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



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EDITORIAL

INITIATIVE, leadership, and responsibility are three qualities of personality which a teacher, to be truly good, must possess. Some of you have these qualities to some degree when you enter college; others of you are not so fortunate. But just that you lack leadership in your freshman year is no reason to have that same lack at graduation. Nothing can be more helpful in developing the qualities mentioned than lively participation in extra-curricular activities. No amount of reading from teachers' texts on personality will give any one of you the desired initiative, leadership, and responsibility *unless* you put your reading into plain, everyday practice. And right here at college is the most logical place in which to practice, because you have the necessary material at hand each moment of the day.

The planning of assembly programs comes first. And this year the programs—those given by experienced artists and those given by students—have been of marked excellence. This speaks well for the co-operation which must necessarily exist between faculty and students, and certainly for the initiative and responsibility shown by the girls in being able to plan an event and to carry it through.

Since the possibility for *all* students to create assembly programs is remote, the various departmental clubs offer valuable opportunities. The Latin and French Clubs hold monthly meetings at which time the regular business is followed by social periods. Here are the best chances

to climb into the thick of activity. Organize the minutes of the meeting, develop a program, get the other club members interested in your work. The first time you will worry about everything, but with more and more participation, the more assured you will become of your own competence.

Glee Club and Bach Choir lead to the same end in a slightly different manner. Singing in concerts and over the radio develops a general attitude of poise in appearing before groups. This is just a start. Once you gain confidence to face an assembly of critical people, you can go ahead with your own ambitious plans.

You do not need to be the leading lady in the Dramatic Club play to gain confidence. There is plenty of work behind scenes which demands every ounce of responsibility and co-operation you may hold. If you fail in your part, the play will not run so smoothly as it should.

College is the time when you should be giving serious thought to these phases of personality. When you receive your first teaching post, you become the leader of young lives. You cannot afford to wait until then to figure out what you are able or not able to do. Break the ice *now*; plunge into some activity, and think not on how you feel but rather on what the outcome will be. Of course, everything can be overdone. If your studies suffer seriously because of your interests, drop one interest from your list. On the other hand, if your college life is made up of textbooks and references, it is time you

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swing around to a few Dramatic Club meetings and Glee Club rehearsals, or serve an extra-special lunch for a Latin or French Club social.

Important to the teacher are these qualities — initiative, leadership, and responsibility. See that they belong to you *before* you graduate.

Thoughts on Spring

The time has come we do believe
To talk of many a thing,
For lo, we've looked around and here
Upon my word, it's Spring!

WHEN we were small the advent of Spring always brought a special sensation which we called our "spring feeling". It could not be defined, for it was only a feeling. It was a smell of new, fresh air; it was the feel of puddles and soft, muddy earth; it was the sight of individual blades of green grass. It was all of these and even more. The days were to be enjoyed for themselves. As we sat in school, the atmosphere of the outdoors pervaded our very spirit. We felt as though we must take long, deep breaths.

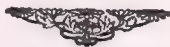
Now that we have reached woman's estate, Spring comes along early in February, when the department stores mad-deningly begin to show all the lovely new things, and we tire of our Winter dresses and hats. We immediately start our worrying about shortening old dresses and cleaning closets and drawers. We

think about what flowers to plant in the garden, even though we know that only the nasturtiums will come up anyway. We try to decide what we shall do during the vacation, getting into such ramifications as the problem of work versus hard-earned rest. And ever and anon our thoughts return to those ravishing new Spring styles. By the time March 21 comes around Spring is an old story.

And what then? We celebrate with a terrific cold. When we finally manage to get outdoors, the "spring feeling" of the days of our youth is very elusive, and only in scattered split seconds do we sense it, and feel as though we were back in a former time and in a different yet familiar surrounding. In this idyllic mood we wander dreamily through the Spring sunshine. We reluctantly go indoors, but, unable to keep our mind on books, we gaze fondly out the window.

It's snowing!

L. E. N.



Conflict

THE insistent ring of a telephone sounded through the dark, quiet room. In the gleam of a bright ray of moonlight which fell on the narrow, white bed, a large figure stirred lazily. An arm reached across the stream of light and slowly lifted the receiver of the telephone. A masculine "Hello" followed a deep, sleepy yawn. A brisk, businesslike voice came from the receiver.

"Come over right away. Accident case coming in. May need a transfusion."

Instantly the darkness gave way to a soft light from the lamp beside the bed. Bill stood on the cold linoleum, blinked, yawned loudly, and stretched every inch of his six-foot body. From the back of a low, white chair he snatched a pair of slacks to replace the blue-striped pajamas which landed in a heap on the foot of the bed. His right leg dragged stiffly behind the other as he walked to the adjoining bathroom, where he noisily splashed cold water onto his tanned face and over his brown, well-developed shoulders. A young face with sharp, blue eyes and a square jaw, the type which denotes power and determination, looked back from the mirror in the medicine cabinet. The large head of damp, blonde curls was thrust through the neck of a white sweat-shirt which was drawn down over the broad shoulders. Fully clothed, Bill snapped off the light and limped to the window. From this window, two stories above the ground, he could look across the narrow lawn, silvery in the moonlight, to the ambulance entrance of Bentley's Private Hospital. As he stood watching for the ambulance, the usual questions arose in his mind.

Who was being brought in? How badly was the patient injured? Would a transfusion be necessary? Would it save him? During Bill's first week as general handy man at his friend's private hospital, he had offered his blood to save a child's life. Since then, because of Bill's perfect health and willingness, Dr. Bentley had used his blood several times. Bill's thoughts were interrupted by the screaming of a siren. He ran down the two flights of narrow, wooden stairs as quickly as his crippled leg would allow, and swung onto the back of the ambulance as it slowed down to turn into the winding, gravel driveway. A doctor was leaning over a motionless form on the stretcher.

"Nasty accident, Bill—young fellow, too—skidded on wet road—been drinking."

As the ambulance stopped, the doctor gave Bill a friendly push toward the door.

"Better get ready, Bill. Probably need you."

Bill hurried down the narrow, dimly-lighted hospital corridor and approached a nurse who was quietly closing the door of a patient's room.

"Will you help me get ready? A young fellow was just brought in. He may need blood."

A few moments later Bill, prepared for a transfusion, stepped quietly into a large, white room where doctors and nurses were gathered around a long, narrow table under a strong electric light. He slid unobtrusively into a small, white chair in a dim corner of the room and waited. It was queer, but in this atmos-

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phere, even as accustomed to it as he was, he always experienced an odd sensation. His nostrils were filled with the nauseating smell of ether and antiseptics. The hushed, staccato voices and the efficient movements of the doctors and nurses contributed to Bill's uneasiness. A nurse, noticing the strange palor on the young man's face, asked if he felt ill. Bill looked puzzled and said, "What makes me feel so strangely? I've seen other people dying, but somehow this boy's suffering seems, in some way, to have a connection with me." Bill's attention was caught by an excited stir around the table. A very serious-faced doctor turned to one of his worried-looking assistants and asked, "Have you notified the boy's father?"

"Yes, Dr. Bentley, Mr. Bradley is on his way."

The nurse's answer sent a cold shock through Bill's body. His knees trembled, he felt a peculiar sinking sensation in his stomach, his face twitched, and something within him seemed to freeze. Three words chased around in his troubled mind—Bradley, drunken-driving. Bradley, drunken-driving. Bradley, drunken-driving. These words pounded in a torturing rhythm. He became numb and oblivious to everything going on around him.

Bradley—drunken-driving.

Bradley—drunken-driving.

Bradley—drunken-driving.

Bill's torn mind went back to a night five years before. Twenty-four young men, dressed in evening clothes, seated at a long banquet table in Rushton's largest hotel applauded the speech of Bill White, their guest of honor. The dinner was to celebrate Bill's record-

breaking run in the inter-county track meet. Tomorrow he was to represent his state in the National Track Meet. After many hand-shakes, back-slaps, and good wishes, the gay crowd separated at the hotel entrance. Bill was buoyant as he drove homeward. Since his days in the high school track team his one wish had been to run in the National Meet. Now that ambition was to be realized. How proud he was! He was hearing the bands playing; the cheering of the spectators rang in his ears; he saw a brilliantly lighted, tightly packed grand stand—the lights! They were not in the grand stand of tomorrow but dangerously close! A screech of brakes—a sickening swerve—excruciating pain—darkness. Bill emerged from the pain-filled blackness into a white hospital room filled with a mixture of the smell of ether and the scent of roses. During his convalescence he learned two things: that the driver responsible for the accident was Ellsworth Bradley, a wealthy young man, notorious for his drunken-driving; and that he, Bill, would never be able to run again.

A commotion in the room brought Bill back to the present. A terror-stricken man of about fifty-five burst into the room. The ordinarily steely eyes which commanded the respect of Mr. Bradley's business associates were blood-shot and troubled as they nervously searched the sea of grim faces. Casting off all the formality and dignity which seemed a part of him, he humbly fell to his knees by the table on which lay the motionless form of his only son.

Suddenly, the stolid-faced Dr. Bentley turned and shot out, "Transfusion, Bill."

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Bill's shaking body, his bloodless lips, and expressionless eyes caught the doctor's attention. Quickly he was at the young man's side. Gripping the broad shoulders anxiously, he asked, "What's wrong, Bill? Are you ill?"

The blue eyes looked straight ahead with a blank far-away stare. White knuckles gleamed on the brown tightly-clenched, powerful fists. The strong chest rose slowly and heavily, as if a supreme effort were being made to control the quivering muscles. The determined jaw was set, and through the blue lips, pursed to stop their trembling, a voice, husky with emotion, stammered, "I—I'm—afraid I can't, Dr. Bentley—Ellsworth Bradley—he's the one—my leg—drunken-driving—" The staring eyes suddenly glared madly. An unrestrained, sob-shaken, "I can't" came simultaneously with a quick, nervous rising out of the chair.

Dr. Bentley firmly put an arm across the shoulders which rose and fell jerkily with the fast, convulsive breathing of the distraught Bill. He spoke to Bill in his sympathetic, understanding manner. "I know, Bill, it *is* a raw deal to have thrust into your hands the life of a person who is responsible for your being handicapped. You know we can't force you; it's up to you to decide. The boy is sinking rapidly and there wouldn't be time to get anyone else. Right now you're the only person available, and we need your blood."

Dr. Bentley turned away, leaving Bill staring out the window. Somehow that strong, capable arm had calmed his shaking body. His mind seemed clearer; he was able to think. Two forces struggled

within him.

If you save his life, it will only mean that he will be free to endanger more lives, cripple more people as he crippled you.

If you save his life, this accident will teach him a lesson.

What revenge you can have! You hold the destiny of two lives in your power. See what this has done to Mr. Bradley. If his son dies, there will be nothing left but a weak shell of the powerful business man. Your revenge will be great.

You have a wonderful opportunity. You have a chance to save two lives. If there is a hereafter, surely your mother and father will know and will be proud of the strength of their son.

Bill turned and looked at the white, still figure on the table, at the bent head of the grief-stricken father, and at the grave faces bending over the table. Slowly he limped to the solemn group and quietly announced, "I'm ready."

The early morning sun filtered into the small, white room. Three people in this room greeted the day, each with a particular reason for being thankful. Mr. Bradley, nodding sleepily in a white rocking chair beside the narrow, white hospital bed, prayed silently, thankful that his son had been restored to him. Ellsworth, resting comfortably between the cool, clean-smelling sheets on the white bed, offered a silent prayer of thanks for a chance to prove that the life had been worth saving. Bill stood beside the bed, his hand gripped in Ellsworth's, thankful that he had been able to save this boy's life because something inside told him that it was not in vain.

EVELYN SPERRING, '39.

OPEN FORUM

Stage Scenery vs. Stage Curtains

NOTE.—The following article was written in reply to that which appeared in the January issue regarding the use of stage scenery at college.

SHOULD the W. S. T. C. Dramatic Club spend a part of its allocation from the student fund to rent or buy special stage scenery for its annual public performance? Rent the scenery, by all means, and aspire and work toward the day when our college can buy its own stage setting. The theater still considers stage scenery an important part of play producing. Its function is not one of providing an atmosphere or background for one type of play and falling into inconspicuousness for another type. Modern stage art teaches that "setting has assumed more than this negative role, for it attempts to present and emphasize the theme and atmosphere of the play and to reinforce in every way the art of the actors." If this be a precept of present day theatricals, our Dramatic Club was not only justified but correct in employing stage scenery for its production of *I Have Five Daughters*.

I believe that the set leased for this play met the requisites of the above quotation in a way which the "neutral toned" curtains could never have achieved. I agree that *I Have Five Daughters* is a play of characterization, not of plot; but it has a definite theme—the desire of Mrs. Bennett to marry off her five daughters. The setting from the opening scene aided in presenting this theme. Two daughters danced with joy before a window through which the audience

could see morning sunlight and a high hedge. The play before the window revealed that the green foliage hid from the audience an approaching Red Coat, a gentleman caller, the dream and delight of the five daughters.

With a curtain background the audience would have to wait for the words "A Red Coat" to realize that the girls had run to a window. The "window" would merely be a space between a bookcase and fireplace. It would not be far back stage, giving the illusion of distance, but on a line with the property against the rear wall of the room. In what way is such a background supporting the characters or developing the theme?

The writer proposing the use of stage curtains felt that the scenery not only failed to strengthen the acting, but detracted from the actors because of its color and decoration. This is definitely a personal reaction. By an unofficial survey, I can confidently say that a feeling of oppression was not the effect on the majority of those in the audience. As a member of the cast, practising for five nights in the atmosphere of the setting, I can not even recall "the large blue motif". To me, the brown paneled walls and decorated doorways created the typical morning room in an old English manor house, looking out on a country garden. What atmosphere could fit more perfectly the lives of a fortuneless family of upper middle class English society bent on identifying them-

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selves with high rank and riches?

To my mind the delightful effect of the costuming, so necessary to a period play of this type, would have been greatly diminished by absence of proper setting. To the members of the college, the greater part of our audience, the dull, buff colored curtains will always set the stage in their minds for chapel talks and platform exercises, not a costume play of the mid-Victorian era. The students and faculty gaze upon them at least twenty minutes out of every school day. How can this part of their everyday lives suddenly become for one evening out of the year, an English morning room with French doors, windows, and room entrances? Use our imaginations, it was suggested. Yes, but there is less satisfaction when we are forced to glorify something that is a drab necessity in our everyday life. People go to the theater in search of recreation, the desire to be lifted from the consciousness of their work-a-day world. A change of scenery alone can do this. To the college audience there is no assurance of this pleasure with the familiar stage curtains as a background.

Our stage *is* too small. This is not a point conceded; but rather, the recognition of an unfortunate situation with which all college stage performances will have to contend. The Dramatic Club chose to accept this as a challenge instead of being resigned to another play against the windowless, doorless, colorless curtains. This year's set for "The Late Christopher Bean" not only transformed the appearance of the stage, but proved that it could actually be made to appear larger and deeper. The set dim-

inished the playing space very little. Were the curtains used, it would be necessary to move them out from the wall an additional six inches to allow adequate passage behind scenes and prevent the ludicrous situation the ghostly swaying of curtains has aroused in the past. The set for this year's play at its farthest point was about three feet from the rear wall and in the center about one and one-half feet. At the most, the economy of space by the use of curtains would have been six inches—certainly not an appreciable difference.

That our stage is shallow is in itself one prominent drawback to plays without scenery. A few New York productions recently enjoyed the short-lived publicity and popularity of the unusual, the unconventional, the ultra-modern when they experimented or resorted, in some cases, to plays without scenery. But they did not attempt to play against a curtain background a few yards away or to an audience well acquainted with the stage. By a deep stage and adequate lighting equipment the stage designer could create the illusion of three dimensions, distance, and even infinity. The audience never felt that the background was a curtain which they must imagine as a wall.

The Friday Program of Senior Week approximated this idea with a beautiful effect. But again the comparison is unsuited. Spotlighting the figure of Beethoven in deep blue rays allowed the rest of the stage to shade off into darkness and thus reduce the awareness of curtains. In "I Have Five Daughters" there were very few scenes in which one

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figure could be so spotlighted. The time of the play called for flooding the stage in sunlight. With a depth of fifteen feet, daytime, a fully lighted room, and distance could not all be created.

In recent years no play has been more loved and admired, written about, and talked of than the magnificent portrayal of "*Victoria Regina*" by one of America's most renowned actresses, Helen Hayes. Like our play of last season, *Victoria Regina* has no sensational plot; it is simply character studies, life stories of real people. This production employed eight different stage sets. Fit for a queen they were, with heavy ornately curved furniture, brightly brocaded draperies, figured wallpaper, decorated wainscoating, golden urns, knobs, tassels, and lamps. If Helen Hayes, with her years of experience, unquestioned superior acting ability, and established reputation, required this elaborate stage scenery for play very similar in type to *I Have Five Daughters*, it would be gross presumption to expect the acting alone of W. S. T. C. students to lend an air of reality to a stage scene. The setting for our plays removed the girls, in particular, from the stage of the College auditorium into a real room. This feeling was transmitted to their acting. A plank may have set the stage for Frank Craven with his quarter of a century of acting, but it is hardly fair to expect your colleague who sits next to you in class every day to accomplish such technique with a few weeks of rehearsing slipped in between numberless unmitigated school tasks.

In financing the plays, the Dramatic

Club has not used money which has been sacrificed by a reduction of some other item in the student fund. Last year when the cost of production exceeded the budget allotment, the cast earned the deficit. If the sum appeared extraordinary, do not lose sight of the fact that it was a costume play, a type which will be presented but once every few years. In considering the cost of producing *I Have Five Daughters*, as quoted in the last issue of the *Quarterly Review*, there is an overstatement of ten dollars. The royalty fee was but fifteen dollars, not twenty-five. In attempting to estimate the average expense for the annual Dramatic Club play, a more nearly typical example would be this year's play, *The Late Christopher Bean*. This performance did not expend the one hundred dollar quota.

In the production of the two plays referred to in these pages, the Dramatic Club strove toward absolute fidelity to costuming, furniture, pictures, setting, make up, and characterization. Each performance was the result of infinite planning of detail, long periods of rehearsal and an ardent desire to approximate perfection. It was a sincere effort to afford entertainment to students and friends and conform to college standards of dramatics. We of W. S. T. C. take just pride in the favorable comparison of our college with larger institutions in professional and academic lines. The Dramatic Club plays have been the expression of a genuine and honest endeavor to keep our college entertainment and extra curricular activities on this same high plane.

ELIZABETH C. KENNEDY, '39.

Legato

OUR hurrying footsteps echo noisily on the wide pavement. Other miscellaneous sounds mingle with them in the hubbub which announces the eager throng, impatient to reach favorite seats in the Auditorium before other equally impatient individuals. Fortunately, we secure our places in the right-rear section of the balcony. We mention this particularly because it enables us to view the entire stage without any obstruction. Somehow the performance of a fine opera singer is marred by hindrances such as bald heads, new-styled head-dresses, or lanky individuals impeding the view. Being settled for the evening is one thing, we discover, but having to wait an hour and fifteen minutes for Ezio Pinza and Nino Martini to appear is most assuredly another story. However, we feel that their joint concert merits such patience, and we become reconciled to starting some kind of new endurance record. There are about eight hundred to a thousand other people with the same idea in mind.

We are prepared for this emergency and have brought along a book which we have been wanting to read. We start our perusal but do not get very far. The program is too intriguing. We see a picture of the handsome, debonair Nino Martini, and our eyes are torn between our book and his merry smile. We read in the program about his short rise to stardom; of his brilliant career as a concert, opera, radio, and cinema star; of his "glorious" voice and "captivating" manner; of his appeal to every type of listener. We see him pictured in the Philharmonic Auditorium in Los An-

geles, the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, the Denver Auditorium in Denver, the Meany Auditorium in Seattle, and the War Memorial Auditorium in San Francisco. It is almost unbelievable that he is soon to appear before us in human form. Again we search our program for the musical numbers which he is to sing. We are familiar with several of them. We see "Il mio tesoro (from "Don Giovanni")" by Mozart, and the "Aria: Racconto di Rodolfo (from "La Boheme")" by Puccini. We are especially fond of "La Boheme" and can hardly wait for Mr. Martini to sing the beautiful love song to Mimi, the flower-girl.

We discover that Mr. Pinza, the great basso, is to give us a wide repertoire of songs. He, too, is handsome and world-renowned. Compared with Martini's tenor voice, Pinza's basso will give us just the musical color which we desire. We are told in the program notes that Pinza has a repertoire of thirty operas. Among them are "Samson et Dalila," "Coq d'Or," "Norma," "Carmen," "Mignon," "Faust," "Aida," and "Don Giovanni."

One hour has passed and the buzzing of the gathering audience has the same sound only that it is now more intense. Suddenly a voice breaks the atmosphere and all is silent. "Attention!" Then we are astounded by what follows. "Ladies and gentlemen, due to the illness of Mr. Pinza we have asked Madame Dusolina Giannini, of Metropolitan Opera fame, to sing for us this evening. We beg your indulgence in waiting fifteen minutes longer than usual for the pro-

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gram to begin. Mme. Giannini will be unable to appear until that time."

Of course, the buzzing sound becomes much more noticeable as everyone discusses the unforeseen illness of Mr. Pinza and the expected arrival of Mme. Giannini. At last our long wait is over as the lights are dimmed and Mr. Martini appears, just as handsome as his picture. It seems to us that he has stepped from the page on our programs to the stage. His opening number, "Tu lo sai" by Torelli, is sung with ease, but we are waiting for something in his later numbers which will allow him to give full vent to his glorious voice. "Le Violette" by A. Scarlatti is sung in the same manner as the first, but it is "Il mio tesoro (from "Don Giovanni")" in which he shows his high ability. Mozart's themes are technical and have a purely Mozartian style. Mr. Martini gives us the true composer as he sings this fine aria. For his encore he sings "Non e Ver" by Mattei. The audience is thrilled and the tenor is called back for several bows by rounds of applause.

What amazes us about the Civic Music audience is the fine way in which it receives its artists. We have seen no other group which listens so attentively without talking, without hardly breathing, or turning a head. The spirit is fine.

Presently Mme. Dusolina Giannini appears. She is gowned in deep flame-red velvet, topped by a lace collar. Her manner is charming, and as she sings, we feel none of the breathless tone in her voice which we have expected because of her hurried trip from New York. Her songs are announced from the platform by her accompanist, and include "The

Mermaid's Song," by Donandy, and the dramatic "Arietta di chi Paisiello," by Ra Zingarella. Her voice is outstanding, her air so gracious, it is no wonder the audience recalls her several times before it will allow her to leave. Only a particularly fine voice can do "Pace, Pace," aria from Verdi's "La Forza del Destino," and Mme. Giannini illustrates her artistry when she renders it. Her encores are the lovely, "Un Bel Di" from Puccini's "Madame Butterfly," "Habenera" from "Carmen," and a little English song, "When I Love You." She actually does "steal the show" with her glorious voice.

What especially pleases us and makes us swallow hard is Mr. Martini's rendition of the aria: "Racconto di Rodolfo (from "La Boheme)". This aria is our favorite and always brings a lump to our throats. The singer's voice is so rich, so full of the song which he is singing that he can not help conveying the thought of the composer. As our program notes said, "The glorious beauty of the love motive at the end is unforgettably charming."

If we had shown sorrow at Mr. Pinza's inability to appear, we now make up for it by exulting over the evening's performance. We have come to expect only finished performances, and that is what we receive from the singers as well as their accompanists, Edwin McArthur for Mme. Giannini, and Miguel Sandoval for Mr. Martini. The pianists have shown remarkable ability in understanding, as well as delicacy of touch. This last satisfies all of our desires completely by making possible a colorful, well-delivered program.

ROSLYN B. SCHORR, '40.

Winter Moonlight From A Hill

I HAVE never seen the moon so bright. Every tree and bush stripped of all foliage, stands sharply outlined in this brilliance. The shadows of tree limbs touch the house across the street and enfold it as if to protect the sleeping occupants; the garden of that house, devoid of flowers now, is filled with thick, deep darkness.

I raise my eyes up and up until they reach the highest peak of the mountains in the distance. There are three mountains, really, but somehow I always look at the highest peak—perhaps because it is exactly in the center between the other two—, perhaps because there is always a star resting ever so lightly on the mountain's tip—, or perhaps because there is something so immense, so sure, so immovable in that mountain that I gain courage from drinking in its lofty serenity.

On nights such as this the seven trees on the left mountain, which are blended with each other, friendly and intimate by day, now stand alone and aloof, each etched in inky black, each separate and clearly discernible against the lightness of the sky.

Cradled between the brooding mountains and these softly watchful trees and garden is the oval moonstone of the pond. The surface is brilliant and still now, for the nights have been cold and the pond is frozen. I can see skaters gliding back and forth. They are swooping now here, now there, weaving in and out among themselves, silently and

smoothly. I know there is much joking and laughter and clicking of skates, but I am too remote to hear any sound, and under the light of the moon those gliding figures are spirits of the moon, dancing a mystic moon dance.

On the opposite side of the pond several of these spirits are grouped about a huge bonfire, in silent supplication to the moon.

I am caught in the spell of the moonlight. I long to become blended with the beauty of this hill and the pond and the mountains in the distance.

FRANCES A. RYAN, '39.

High Tide

The drumming, rhythmic, sonorous
beat of waves upon the shore;
The rushing, dashing of the breakers
against the grim and cruel rocks;
The moon, so sinister, seems to smile,
As her beams play havoc with the
Rolling monsters of the sea.

Somewhere in that dim, dark expanse
A ship is tossing, tumbling, rocking
madly;
Her human freightage helpless.
You, oh moon, do smile
To the last;
For this is your playtime,
High Tide.

ELEANOR HAMMOND, '42.

Spring Trivia

(Apologies to Logan Pearsall Smith)

EMPTY SHELL

Shells are like memories, for they were once a part of something else and now are just a hint of life in all their emptiness. They are not only like memories; they are memories, remainders of happy times and trips and other days. To see them will recall to you, perhaps, oyster shells that hid an exquisite pearl, egg shells that broke too easily, clam shells that cut your feet, bullet shells that missed their mark. Whatever they are, treat them like a memory—remembering ere you put them aside.

LILY HALL, '40.

UNDER AN UMBRELLA

Rain. What matters cloudy heavens? They are brightened by a moving panorama of umbrellas; green umbrellas, blue umbrellas, spotted, striped, flowered umbrellas. From my vantage point beneath a transparent umbrella, I see them all, hurrying along the sidewalk, miraculously avoiding one another. What is the girl under that flowered umbrella like? Undoubtedly, she is dainty, fresh, and sweet. That brilliant umbrella of red spots must have under it a gay spirit, a person devoted to the spectacular. The plain blue umbrella, perhaps, shelters a modest, conservative soul. What type am I beneath my transparent umbrella? Of course, an observer of people and human life. How fortunate is the man who had the bright idea of a transparent umbrella!

ELLEN LOVELL, '40.

FIT FOR A PRINCESS

I sat across the aisle from them in the bus. They were new; they were shiny; they had fly-a-way buckles and heels three inches high. What was more to their advantage, they were set off by an

extremely neat pair of ankles.

I looked at them again. Most impolitely I stared. Those shoes had personality. They were dainty, diminutive, almost saucy. Imagine them peeping provocatively from beneath the hem of a ruffled, white skirt; running across the green summer grass.

They belonged to a queen; they belonged to a fairy-tale princess. They were meant to be placed in a glass case above a marble inscription, "These are the shoes made to rival Cinderella's slippers." The incarnation of a shoe-maker's dream, they modeled the design of Cellini.

Their proud possessor arose, walked down the aisle, and descended to the street. Horrors! What sound is this that greets my ears? They squeaked!

MARY HUNT, '40.

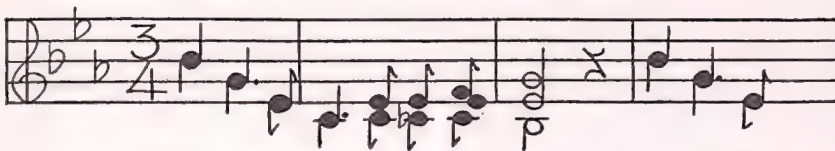
ASK ME NO MORE

They say that God is infinite, that He fills up the universe with His presence. When the night is dark, one may see the suns of solar systems other than our own, suns which speed dizzily to some unknown goal . . . a paradise, perhaps, or a stunning clash in space. I do not know. I wonder if all the suns and planets and infinite universes save Earth are bare of living things. I wonder if mediocre Earth was carefully chosen by God to become the habitat of His image, or if His images wage bloody wars on all the cosmic sods. I wonder if man was an aqueous creature with a heritage new as Earth, or if he has lived forever in the hand of God. Perhaps God sent him hurtling through ether to land dejected and quarrelsome on Earth. I wonder, but I do not know.

ANNA M. HOWE, '40.

COLLEGE HYMN

Words and Music by Grace A. Kendrick, Director of Music



The wide green earth is ours to roam, Each path that



beck-ons, fol-low free, But O these halls with gold-en mem-o-ries,



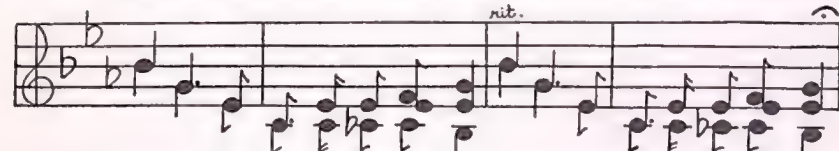
Mem- 'ries, Mem- 'ries, Gold-en Mem-o-ries, Of thee are



ev-er call-ing plead-ing-ly. In ear-nest-ness and truth of soul The watch-



flare and burn low In twi-light hours where-'er our foot-steps roam,



Thy light, thy flam-ing light will glow Thy light, thy flam-ing light will glow.

W. S. T. C. We're Saying On This Campus

This column of campus chatter has proved to be so popular that the editors have decided to continue it as a Quarterly Review feature. Does anything funny happen when you are around? Do you ever write little jingles about odds and ends? Then jot them down and give them to any of the editors. We won't guarantee you fame, but it's fun to see your things in print.

* * *

It's too bad that things always have to happen to freshmen, but Thelma Mudgett said that this did. One of them was holding the cafeteria door open for a friend who was lagging behind, and without looking back called out "Hurry up, Toots!" Was she surprised when Dr. Shaw sailed through, majestically carrying his tray!

* * *

The daily rivalry between the Dawson Road and the Station bus continues merrily apace, with each bus-load rooting for its respective driver. The agony of deciding which bus to take after you have missed the 8.25 creates a serious situation. Of course the Station bus makes no stops, but it sometimes just doesn't put in an appearance! So you take the Dawson Road and just have to grin and bear the patronizing looks of the girls on the Station bus as they pass you somewhere on Chandler Street—if they do!

* * *

The Gym Demonstration was pronounced a great success, especially the relay race by the faculty, who certainly "went to town". Did anyone notice the secret of success of the winning team?

Every member of it prepared to open her umbrella as she ran to the bench to unpack, while not a single player on the masculine team did so, thus wasting a lot of precious time. Mr. Riordan gave Raymond Massey some close competition as Abe Lincoln when he donned that antiquated top hat.

* * *

"Buy College seals," the Sophomores cried,

"We'll sell them! You're in luck!"

But some hard hearted soul replied

"Yeah—we buy stickers and get stuck."

* * *

This college has seen its fair share of the latest frills. We've gone in rather heavily for junk jewelry, while upped hair and the George Washington peruke, whose becoming quality is a matter for debate, have received attention. Hair bows are being worn in all shades and at all angles. However, we have not gone Dutch, at least. There are no wooden shoes clacking around our sedate corridors. By the way, does anyone really know anyone who has actually bought a pair of those things?

* * *

Days when you do everything wrong yourself are quite common, but one feels rather queer when other people all do things back-side-to on the same day.

Edna Carlson had *pre* periods instead of what the rest of us have.

Peg Stone couldn't stand having her *tin chickled*.

Jean McCann must have joined the army, declaring she was a *major English*.

We began to wonder if *we* were crazy.

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The girls who took part in the Glee Club's concert at Framingham tell this one. One of them whose eyes were tired wore dark glasses to protect them from the glare of the lights. "Gee," remarked one bright young Framinghamite, "She must be traveling incognito."

* * *

Is this any indication of the kind of girls we are? One ingenious freshman, bent on research, took a statistical survey of the girls in her division who made

their own beds each morning. Out of about twenty-five in the class only five answered in the affirmative. Let us now all turn and look reproachfully at those naughty ones who do not.

* * *

Bright thought which came to us just before going to sleep in class: As far as the weather was concerned the Senior-Sophomore Cherry Hop turned out to be a Banana Slip.

ODE TO BIOLOGY

Dedicated to Miss Scribner

O aren't you glad you've escaped from the chasm
Of undifferentiable protoplasm?
That you're not just a single protoplast,
And so far above a mere diploblast?

O what a relief not to have complications
Like alternation of generations
And Platyhelminthes extendable pharynx,
Or syrinx instead of a tracheal larynx!

O isn't it grand to belong to Chordata
Instead of to lowly Echinodermata!
To be blest with the powers of deep concentration,
Though we lose out in matters of regeneration.

I'm a triploblast! I'm a triploblast!
Though I probably wasn't in ages past!
But evolution and sudden mutations
Have made me as complex as foreign relations.

FLORENCE NEWFIELD, '42.

Ah! Dear Katy

I HAD passed the preliminaries. The opportunity of winning a scholarship to the Leland Powers School of the Theatre was mine. The finals were to be the next day. No one could stop me. The road was smooth and success seemed near. I was going to be an actress!

The car seemed encased in a rich, mellow landscape of a sultry June day, as we drove to our destination. It was a bright day, but a lazy one. It was a day in which you'd rather lean back against the cushions of the car and think, rather than speak. And that's just what I did. Think.

When you're ecstatic with joy and your senses are reeling with the perfumed attractions of the theatre, you're not apt to think of the factors which are needed to create another Katherine Cornell. Somehow, from out of nowhere, these factors did appear. A multitude of thoughts marched into my mind with the precision of a soldier marching to captain, saluting, receiving orders, about facing and once more marching to the place from which he came.

"Why are you taking this journey? You don't think you can act, do you? Why, that takes years of study. You, with your sixteen lessons!" Something at the back of my mind was jeering and taunting me. It would not be thrust aside.

This unknown something kept presenting its case to me, through the medium of thought. "You've got to have the urge, the desire, and the talent to be a great actress. What about the family? Does it approve? No. Why? That answer is simple. They want you to choose a career that's secure, not one of

those barn-storming affairs. Well, all right. Suppose you did get a break. Maybe in those one-horse towns; wearing the same musty clothes; walking to a cheap boarding house with its rickety stairs and dirty halls; sleeping in a dilapidated iron bed; washing in the bathroom with that inevitable hair on the soap. When you finally do reach Broadway—if you do—you'll be lucky if you're cast in a "bit" part. And those endless chains of casting offices! You've got to have some real talent like Katherine Cornell. Dear Katy! My ideal. You know you're only mediocre—not even that. You know your timing is bad and you don't repress yourself. Repress yourself—that's it—got to remember that . . . Make them feel it, but don't blurt it out . . . Make them think it's inside . . . Repress the emotion. That's what Katy says."

My uninvited companion jumped into oblivion as we stopped beside a rather imposing, ivy-covered structure. The two of us mounted the granite steps, passed through the open door, and entered a beautifully furnished room bathed in sunlight. A sandy-haired man of admirable stature asked us to be seated until all the contestants had arrived. Sitting there, I noticed how weak I felt. My legs were wobbly. My body felt hot, then cold. "Everybody feels this way. Thank goodness, I can hide my feelings." Outwardly, I can seem very cool, but inwardly my nerves seem all twisted and tangled. Glancing into a mirror before me, I noticed my face was blanched, except for two crimson spots on my cheekbones. I looked overwrought and excited.

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"What if I don't win? At least, I'll know where I stand. The judges will tell me."

The contestants were all there by then. I entered the auditorium, head up and lips tightly closed. The room was suffocating. There were no windows. Before us was the stage, bathed in a crimson light. Seated with the other nine finalists, I learned that they came from as far south as Mississippi. And their training! One girl was the leading lady in a local stock company. Several had played "bits" in stock and on the radio. And me, with my sixteen lessons! The sick feeling came back. I was shaking. I wanted to laugh and cry at the same time—maybe shriek. I thought, "How absolutely awful I'll be."

Just then, I wanted to be a thousand miles away. How could I go on with these—these thespians around me. "Don't forget, repress yourself. Why in heaven's name did that have to pop into my mind?" I longed to fly through the closed doors to the warm sunlight, once more.

"I'm not nervous," one girl scoffed. Somebody said that if anyone made that statement, she was covering up her anxiety or she was just too conceited. I preferred to believe the former was true of this girl.

Two contestants were before me. One was the leading lady in the stock company. She felt she needed more training. Funny how our thoughts coincided. How I reached the center of the stage, I'll never know. I just reached it, superhumanly, perhaps. At any rate, I was there. There was a funny droning sound in my ears, intermingled with harsh ringing notes. I'll never forget those sounds. They sounded like static in an old radio.

Every nerve seemed to be stretching and contracting. My muscles were taut and cold sweat poured over every inch of my body.

I began. My voice seemed to hit the wall and bound back to me. A hundred eyes stared at me. The stage seemed like a huge precipice overlooking a dark, empty chasm. When would I fall! Gradually, however, the droning stopped. I felt more confident. My voice seemed clearer.

"Repress your emotions" that unknown voice whispered. "Make the best of it." It was the first time I had appeared in public. Somehow, I felt it was the last. Those girls with years of training and me with sixteen lessons. What nerve, to enter such a contest. I was reaching the end.

"Build it up"—the voice again. By this time I had full control of myself. My timing was better. The pauses seemed more dramatic and real. "Build it up! Work up to the climax! Pause! Pause! Repress now. The final line. Pause! Now bow!"

The ordeal was over. I crawled to my seat and sank dejectedly into it. That was so bad. Too fast. No control. I wanted to cry.

Perhaps the worst silence that ever existed is that one before a decision. Finally the long awaited judgment came. The girl from Mississippi received the award. She deserved it. She was excellent. The sandy-haired gentleman came to my side and said, "Miss Palmer, the judges feel that you should receive honorable mention. We can see that you have talent that should be developed. Perhaps a later contest will prove you the winner."

GRACE PALMER, '40.

Chanson

Victor Hugo — *Les Contemplations*

NOTE.—While studying the Romantic period in the history of French Literature of the Nineteenth Century, the Senior students undertook to translate French poems, reproducing

to the best of their ability the thought and atmosphere of the original. Three such translations follow:

1.

If you have nought to tell me,
Why do you haunt me so?
Why favor me with smile so sweet
'Twould make a king bend low?
If you have naught to tell,
Why do you cast your spell?

2.

If you have naught to tell,
Why do you press my hand?
If you said you did not love me,
You know I'd understand.
But, no, you'd rather taunt me

And let me dream in vain,
To waken to reality and emptiness and
pain.

You are not mine to command,
So why do you press my hand?

3.

If you wish me to depart,
Why do you hover near?
At the sight of you I tremble
Both from ecstasy and from fear.
If you wish me to depart,
Why do you tempt my heart?

MILDRED RODNICK, '39.

Neopoldine

VICTOR HUGO

When but a child she had a way
Of coming in my room to start her day.
I'd hear her step, and see the door slip open.
"Good morning, father," primly said, with sweetness gently spoken.
My writing tools were always hers, while at my desk she labored—
Or clothes, or books, or furniture, as by them she paraded.
At last I settled to my work, and she went out to play—
But her laughter floated in to cheer me as I worked away.
My thoughts were never far from her I loved,
As pages turned, or papers I would move,
For thereon I would find her childish art
As pictured in some house, or doll, or cart.
Such simple things are dearest to my heart,
And from them came the feelings that in writing I impart.
That child loved all the birds and bees and things that grow.
The beauty of her nature made us love her so.
At all times she personified the best of womankind;

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Her spirit ruled the ones she loved and made them love in kind.
Her glance held all the beauty to be found in her pure soul,
What joy she gave us—and what love—our happiness was her goal.
The family was always there those cozy winter nights,
What happy hearts a home can hold before sorrow blights.
And now she's dead! alas—may God aid me in my grief—
While she still lived and e'er was sad, my pleasure was more brief,
And while at parties I might be amid a joyful throng,
Remembrance of her sad, sweet face made gaily seem wrong.

MARGARET REYNOLDS, '39.

A OI

VICTOR HUGO

Oh, in your wounded soul the depths of thought
I'll move, although my task avail me naught.

I had not seen her yet when silver light
Of stars began to gem the evening air;
The radiant splendor of the woods took flight—
And beautiful and pure I saw her there.
Her hair was glowing and she moved the crowd
To breathless admiration with her eyes;
Dark and shining, rapturous and proud.
Beneath her fire a smiling ardor lies,
Her pensive forehead every thought bespoke,
Her half smile like a sunrise gleamed
And words like jewels fell whene'er she spoke.
Her ardent shoulder, eyes more ardent seemed,
As bright they shone from out her burning heart,
Like sighs emerging from a sparkling being
She came, a bird of flame, but to depart
Of flames that she inspired, all unseeing,
Of eyes upon the charming footsteps fixed,
As unaware as of the smitten soul
She with blazing passion has transfixed—
She is unconscious of my secret goal—

And yet as powder must the spark beware;
I do not dare approach this vision fair.

MILDRED DAVIDONIS, '39.



Mental Hygiene and the Young Teacher

TO BEGIN this article by stating that the "teacher of yesterday" never practiced mental hygiene would be false. To impress you with the above fact, let me take you back, in mind, over the centuries to the Greatest Teacher of Humanity, Jesus, whose message was characterized by love and sympathy, involving understanding and guidance. These characteristics in their true sense constitute the keynote of mental hygiene as it is termed today. Fortunately, the qualities of this message have reached down through the ages to many teachers who have tried to practice in the same humble way the true teachings of Jesus, particularly in his dealings with little children.

Many of you, no doubt, can recall at least one teacher of your early training who, by her nature, was kind and sympathetic, thereby making your days in school happy ones. Perhaps you can attribute your first great inspiration to become a teacher to this selfsame friend who helped you to develop your personality, instilled in you the desire for good habits of living, and guided you along the lines in which you were capable and sure to succeed. True, there have been such kind teachers, but scattered among them have been too many cold, undemocratic, and selfish natures who, perhaps, entered the profession for no other reason than to receive a pay check, or to be vocationally "placed" in the world, having been unable for various reasons to carry on in a more desired line. It is this type of teacher who, when Tommy played truant several times, jumped to the conclusion that "Tommy

is a bad boy and belongs in the reform school!" Yes, and many Tommies were taken from their natural social environment and placed in an institution. Sometimes a boy found there the friend he needed in his new teacher, had his problem adjusted and left in a short time to try again in his own home and school where, as a boy with a better attitude, he was destined to make good.

But many times Tommy was not so lucky in having his life adjusted, and by the time he was dismissed from the institution he had developed a hatred for all teachers, had chosen poor companions, and had assumed the artificial attitude of "not caring". Soon Tommy found himself in the hands of the law, a criminal, or perhaps later was transferred to a mental hospital. Had Tommy's first teacher investigated in a friendly way, helped him to adjust his minor problem, and made him feel secure in his school, he might have developed into a leader in the community.

Can we be too critical of the teacher of yesterday who was not so fortunate in being trained in mental hygiene? It is in this valuable training that the young teacher entering the field today is well equipped. To make this training even more valuable, it is well that I acquaint you with the source from which it originated. The seed of mental hygiene was early planted by Clifford W. Beers, once a patient in a Connecticut mental hospital from 1900 to 1903. After his recovery, Mr. Beers resolved to devote his life to the improvement of the treatment of mental patients. His famous book, *A Mind That Found Itself*,

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in which he relates his experiences in the hospital, impressed all who read it in all countries. In 1908 he organized the Connecticut Society for Mental Hygiene, and in 1909 he organized the National Committee for Mental Hygiene. The main purpose of these societies was at first to improve the care of the insane by making surveys, and by printing literature for doctors, nurses, and libraries. Soon most of the states were interested, and State Societies for Mental Hygiene were founded. In 1915 Harvard University opened a course in it for public health officers, and other universities followed. Originating as a movement to improve the lot of the mentally ill, mental hygiene became shortly a movement to promote better human adjustment in all areas of life, and notably to safeguard the mental health of children. In 1930 a great International Congress on Mental Hygiene was held at Washington, D. C., which showed that the seed had sprouted in all lands.

The significance of the popular proverb, "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure", now prevailed. Observation and study proved that if a child were given the proper early training in the development of his emotional and physical habits in order that he might assume the proper attitudes to live effectively in his social environment, this would reduce the burden of maladjustment, crime and insanity. Realizing that one third or more of a child's waking hours are spent at school, the need was felt to train the teachers more definitely to aid in this great humane experiment. Our own State Teachers College was among the first to offer a course in Men-

tal Hygiene. The young teacher is led to discover that the truant Tommy was not at heart a bad boy but a normal youngster with a problem and in need of an understanding teacher to help him adjust himself. She learns that perhaps by a "heart to heart talk" with Tommy she can find part of the real cause for his behavior.

It may be that he has learned to hate school because he feels inferior to the rest of his class in his ability to read which leads him to play truant. By personal contact or otherwise she may find that the real cause is in the detrimental attitudes of Tommy's parents or brothers or sisters. Or again, she may discover that the lack of living up to the proper health habits has had a bad affect upon the boy. At any rate, she is trained to give the child and his problem some consideration and to try to discover the real cause in order to remedy it. Fortunately, the teacher is not left alone to discover the origin of these problems. There are many specialists such as psychiatrists and psychologists to come to her aid when she realizes, as she will, that some cases are beyond her training to adjust. In some large cities a trained visiting teacher, who acts as a social worker in investigating the home environment, is ready to help Tommy regain the proper happiness due him.

The young teacher is also trained to realize that the problems of the shy child, the unsocial child, and the timid child who are generally the *A* pupils in conduct and who, so many teachers think, are without problems, are usually more serious than the problems of the boisterous, indolent lads. She is guided to

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feel the need for reaching out to the child who is not classed as bright nor dull but who is just an ordinary youngster in need of some intelligent and sympathetic attention. Through her mental hygiene courses the young teacher is taught to regard the child as a whole, and it is her duty to deal with him as such in guiding his mental, emotional, and physical development that he may be happy in his school life and in his later life. To attempt such a task, she is urged to examine first her own life for proper adjustment, that she may transfer suitable personality traits to her pupils who are keen observers.

While writing these lines, I was suddenly confronted with this question, Am I a teacher of yesterday or today? Because I have had no definite training previous to this year, I may well answer, I am a teacher of yesterday. But due to a visit to a so-called "Reform School" a few months after my graduation from Normal School as a well-trained, eager, young teacher ready to venture wholeheartedly into the field, I received my concrete awakening to the value of guiding pupils by kindness and sympathy. As I observed a group of these supposed-to-

be bad boys playing a good game of basketball, as any normal boys would, this thought entered my mind: these boys are the results of the mistakes of some adults, perhaps their parents or their teachers. My visit proved to be a valuable lesson, coming as it did a few months before I was to deal with many boys and girls having problems of maladjustment, and I can say frankly that I tried hard to be considerate, sympathetic, and guiding. In many instances I have felt with delight the changes that can be wrought under a happy environment. And if I have taught nothing else, I hope I have led my pupils to *think* and to be *happy*.

In conclusion, allow me to challenge the Young Teacher to make a special effort to fulfill the aim of mental hygiene—to reduce the maladjusted and criminal burdens of the public. When her pupils of today are the men of tomorrow who have realized the achievement of their goal, may they look back over the years and add a phrase of deep significance to the familiar words of Lincoln—"What I am or ever hope to be I owe to my mother and to my *kind and sympathetic teachers*."

MILDRED E. HORAN.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Inquisitor

By Hugh Walpole

HUGH Seymour Walpole was born in 1884 in New Zealand, the son of an Anglican priest—Reverend Henry Walpole—who in later years became bishop of Edinburgh. From this fact we can see where Mr. Walpole gained

his knowledge of the English clergy. Hugh Walpole was educated at King's School in Canterbury and at Emmanuel College at Cambridge. He is at present unmarried and living in London.

While still a youth Mr. Walpole resolved to write nine novels dealing with contemporary England, three of which

Twenty-five

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would be concerned with London, three with country life, and three having provincial town life as their background. He determinedly set out to accomplish this task, and today the set has been completed; but instead of the original nine volumes it embraces twelve. *The Inquisitor* belongs to the provincial group which includes *The Old Ladies*, *Hamer John*, and *The Cathedral*—the most famous of all Mr. Walpole's works.

The origin of *The Inquisitor* proves fascinating to one about to read the book. Its birth lies in a dream experienced by the author about two years before he started work on the novel. Mr. Walpole beheld a man with a crooked neck come out of the Cathedral door followed by a strange procession and pass into the empty, listening market place. This vision haunted him so persistently that he was forced to write the book.

The scenes for both *The Cathedral* and *The Inquisitor* are laid in Polchester, a cathedral town, the type of background Mr. Walpole loves so well. From the very first pages the reader is plunged into a web of incidents, characters, and emotions which seem so complex that he feels overwhelmed and bewildered. However, there is an intriguing and mysterious atmosphere which lures one on and fairly tricks one into reading the book.

The story is primarily concerned with the emotions of the cathedral folk in the upper town, and the ruffians from Seatown. It deals with the relations of these two factions—their conflict and final outbreak which results in death, destruction, suicide, and murder. The characters are of less importance than the

atmosphere, and one is amazed at Mr. Walpole's ability to present such a spectacular picture of the two sections of that town—each in striking contrast to the other, but bound together by the remarkable character of Stephen Furze.

The story begins with the return of Michael Furze to his brother's home in Polchester, the selling of his last worldly possession—a fine old crucifix—and his subsequent search for happiness in this old town. Through Michael we meet his brother Stephen, his brother's blind wife Sue—whose condition has been caused by her husband's miserliness in refusing to finance an operation—and their daughter Elizabeth.

The bitter hatred of these two men for each other, set against a background of seething unrest, results in a series of events during which Stephen, the old usurer whom many of the townsfolk had reason to hate, suddenly disappears. His ghost was believed to have been seen standing in the west door of the Cathedral, then walking the town and haunting those who were in debt to him. There is no doubt in the reader's mind as to the fate of Stephen and by whom he met that fate; but the fear, love, hatred, and foreshadowing found on every page as the events swiftly and colorfully unfold themselves keep one in suspense and make the book eminently readable.

Strange events take place in which the Cathedral itself plays a part; we are intrigued by the presenting of the pageant on whose opening day Stephen Furze disappeared. From this point the gradual uplifting of Elizabeth and her mother is witnessed until Elizabeth finally finds love and happiness.

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The numerous townsfolk drawn into this huge net are all colorfully and dramatically presented, living under the guidance of the great Cathedral which is at times both beautiful and menacing.

Event follows event, turmoil and tension finally reach a peak, and the grand climax comes when the seatown ruffians riot at the very door of the Cathedral, sowing death and destruction in the town.

The characters are numerous, each serving a definite purpose in the story and each so real and picturesque that it is impossible to forget any of them. After reading the book, one remembers many, many people—their thoughts and attitudes in relation to each other. For brevity's sake only the two most important shall be described here.

First, the Inquisitor himself, old Stephen Furze. Stephen is an usurer of the worst sort, the most despicable, ugly, mean, human being I have ever met. His god is money and the power obtained by this wealth. Stephen's only enjoyment from life is gained by bleeding from his victims every drop of independence and self respect, and when the degenerate human being, no longer in full control of his mind, crawls at Stephen's feet begging for mercy, the unmerciful usurer proceeds to wring more from the already anemic body. Stephen takes savage delight in showing his god to others so that he can sit back and watch them lust for the gold, finally becoming maniacs.

When Michael enters the story he is a huge, strapping, good natured man. He appears to be the type that would be the acme of strength and courage, but from his very first action—the selling of his

prized crucifix—we realize that he can easily be dominated and has very little will power. Symbolically, the crucifix after serving as the ruination of Michael is returned to the pawn shop at the close of the book.

In writing this book Mr. Walpole has used the selection for setting method. After reading *The Inquisitor* one realizes that Mr. Walpole is trying to do something more than just give us another novel dealing with the lives of men. The town of Polchester and the Cathedral have been used to present the sensational connection between the spiritual and physical worlds. Without deducting too much from the book, one can feel that the existing conditions in Polchester are symbolic of the present state of the world.

The reader receives the story in various ways, largely from the author, but also from the characters' conversations, thoughts, emotions, and dealings with each other.

The book is alive with descriptions which are as brilliant and as varied as the colors of the spectrum. The picture of Stephen is a masterpiece such as only a literary artist could paint.

"Stephen had not altered very greatly in twenty years. He was sparser, sparer; his body had a preserved look, as though he had been kept all this time in some kind of spirit. He was as tall as his brother, and his big white nose, projecting from his gaunt face, suggested a possibility, like Michael's, that it had a life of its own. It was an active, peering, probing nose with its own discoveries, its own conclusions. He had scanty grey hair, wisps of it brushed care-

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fully over the domed skull; pale shaggy eyebrows; eyes mild, sleepy; a mouth uncertain, rather tremulous."

When the book was published in 1935 Mr. Walpole had completed the last book in his set dealing with contemporary England. For the most part *The Inquisitor* was hailed as a masterpiece. However, there were a few sources which believed that the book develops into an analysis of social panic and degeneration.

To the majority of Englishmen and Americans *The Inquisitor* presents—"an epic in prose, not a story dealing with great events in the lives of great men, but the epic of the spirit, the unseen essence of the town of Polchester. The attraction of the novel lies here. We are permitted to witness exciting events and look into the hearts of many different types of people. All the events and all the people put together in a great picture assume a unity of their own, a unity composed of a harmonious arrangement of seemingly incongruous elements. The unity is Polchester."

My opinion coincides with the above, for I, too, believe that in *The Inquisitor*, Mr. Walpole has given us another great work of English Literature.

EILEEN M. PRESTON, '39.

Rebecca

DAPHNE du Maurier, a descendent of the famous master who wrote *Trilby*, has an inherited talent for putting into words the eeriness and the chill of approaching tragedy. That chill is diffused through the snake-like halls of Manderley. It is shrouded in the bitter mists of the sea. It is mingled with

the moist, heavy scent of evening roses, and it freezes to the very heart of the sensitive, new mistress of Manderley—the mistress who came only a few months after Rebecca had been laid in her mossy tomb.

Yes, Rebecca was dead. But we see her again through the eyes of those who loved, feared, or hated her. To the suave Mrs. Danvers, housekeeper at Manderley, Rebecca was a spirited un-curbed miracle, awe-inspiring on her pinnacle of grace and beauty. To her shy successor at Manderley Rebecca was an elusive perfection, a glamorous wife, a crystal conception of careless splendor, a someone who could never be surpassed. To her husband Rebecca was a hideous, black torture.

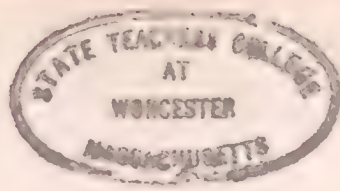
The narrative is as fantastic as *Trilby* or *Jane Eyre*, and as magnetic. An unobtrusive thread of inevitability holds almost all of the incidents within the scope of belief.

However, even the most gullible of readers would cock an eyebrow when an obscure medical doctor, who conceals in his little, black bag a plausible motive for suicide, steps into the next to the last chapter and writes an abrupt "finis" to the taut situation. There is a sense of loss and of vague unfairness.

Despite this slight artificiality, the story is a pulsing, living thing. We do not recommend this book to those who do not have a large supply of midnight oil. *Rebecca* is a despot. She hammers at the brains of her captives and taunts and lures them from chapter to chapter. She subjects them to a ruthless ordeal of suspense. And they like it!

ANNA M. HOWE.





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STATE TEACHERS COLLEGE
WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS



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EDITORIAL

THE word "graduation" gives an uncomfortable sense of finality. After all, it means the end of four years of college with all its study, friendships, and good times. We ask each other, "What next?" Indeed, what next?

Going through college is an intellectual way rather than a practical way of growing up. Every step from freshman to senior adds a maturing element; from the abashed first-year girl emerges the poised graduate. Studies have added immeasurably to her cultural self and have taught her to think clearly and logically; friendships have developed her spiritual being, have instilled an appreciation of the values in life; group associations have built up her character through development of cooperation. The girl's growth cannot be measured by the yardstick; rather it is evidenced only by her attitude toward life, by her dealings with people, by the kind of decisions she makes in crises. And all this speaks well for a college education. Now, what next?

By no manner of means is the graduate at the end. She is just beginning, and her years of study have laid an excellent foundation for real life work. How thrilled she will be in her first teaching position where she will be entirely on

her own. But she need not go directly into teaching. Her study at college has fitted her for graduate work in any number of fields. Again, her disciplined mind and professional training will help her in business enterprises and even in marriage. Both these phases of life need compatible people, and college has taught the graduate to understand the world and the persons in it.

Young people today lean towards a realism that borders on bitter cynicism. The world is not an easy place in which to work and live; all conditions — home, college, national, and international — are cause for misgiving. The intelligent solution is to quell any harboring doubts before they take the upper hand. Some idealism must exist, whether that idealistic spirit be found in music, art, philosophy, or occasional day-dreaming; otherwise life becomes unbalanced by a too heavy diet of realism.

Everything is ahead. These years of college have been only the *preparation* for a life of richness, of varied incidents both joyous and sorrowful, of interesting and soul-satisfying activities. And the graduate is particularly fitted to view this life with sanity and courage.



Afterthought To A Great Deal of Excitement

UNTIL March 31 the present school year had flowed by at its regular, even rate, carrying us along with it on a pleasant and profitable journey. Then on that Friday afternoon the glaring newspaper headlines crashed into our serenity and made us feel as though all stability had gone from our lives. The threat to close our college brought the general world insecurity very close to home. We stood around the corridors with dazed expressions, feeling as though we were up against a blank wall. What were we to do, should our school be taken away from us? Many of us would find it impossible to continue elsewhere.

The fine spirit of loyalty that pervades the college showed immediately. We soon snapped out of the stage where we said, "Well, this may be the last time we'll be doing this, girls," and became encouraged by the quick response of various Worcester organizations. These expres-

sions of sympathy succeeded in lifting us out of the depths of despair into which we had been plunged. Then we sprang into action ourselves, and the activity also revived our failing spirits. We organized our defence and went out getting signatures, a task which added to the exhilaration of the battle. We ate, slept, and thought nothing but signatures for two weeks.

It was a great strain for us all. Although a great number of our friends told us that they understood how we felt, perhaps only our parents could really know how much the college means to us. Perhaps, indeed, we had not ourselves realized to the fullest extent how much it meant, for we may have taken it too much for granted. Now that we have more definite hopes that the college will open again in the fall, we must plan to return doubly appreciative, doubly thankful for what we have.

L. E. N.

The Wound

Darkness!
A soft, sweet shaft
Of spring night
Suspended in the breath
Of stars and apple blossoms,
Hurt by
People talking.

ANNA MARIE STEAD, '40.

Music in the Air

THE applause greeting the appearance of the conductor, Mr. Albert Stoessel, dies away, and an expectant hush settles over the audience. The great symphonic orchestra obeys as one man the downbeat of Mr. Stoessel's baton and we hear the familiar strains of "Finlandia". Intent upon the thrilling interpretation of the great work we are scarcely aware of a general movement in the chorus until it takes up the melody in a glorious burst of song. The superb rendition by chorus and orchestra arouses the emotions of even the most undemonstrative and restrained listeners. The feeling is so high that when the final notes die away silence reigns. When the audience is at last able to break the spell, there is a thunderous ovation of applause.

These are the things one witnesses from the audience, but what is the story behind this perfected performance? I determined to try out for the chorus and secure my information at first hand. My certificate of admission bearing my name and number (336) told me of a successful try-out. Now I was a member of an organization which has been a promoter of cultural advancement in Worcester County for over three-quarters of a century. In fact 1939 will mark the eightieth year of continuous performance.

The Worcester County Musical Convention was organized October 2, 1863. Its first convention was conducted by Mr. E. H. Frost at Mechanics Hall in October of the same year. In its constitution it set forth the following aim:

"the improvement of Choirs in the performance of church music, the formation of an elevated musical taste through the study of music in its highest development, and a social, genial, harmonious reunion of all lovers of music." In 1871 the name was changed to the Worcester County Musical Association, and the annual gatherings received the name of Musical Festivals. Each year since then has brought its music festival with a great and pleasing variety of numbers and musicians. Among the many famous artists have been Mme. Schumann-Heink, Rosa Ponselle, and Lily Pons.

For this participation in a week of glorious music the chorus puts in thirty-one weeks of preparation. Beginning January 3 this year the chorus meets weekly on Tuesday nights. The singers come from many different walks of life—college students, housewives, stenographers, clerks, school teachers, and factory workers. There are all races and creeds represented, making it an extremely democratic organization.

For two hours all cares and troubles disappear under the influence of the music. Mr. Stoessel knows just what effects he desires to create, and under his skillful direction the chorus strives to attain them. After a particularly good attack on a difficult section he is quick to compliment the chorus. There is a friendly spirit of co-operation and loyalty in evidence. Even the man whose duty it is to remind wayward dues-payers is applauded. There are humorous moments too—when the chorus is badly off pitch in a capella selection, when someone unconsciously holds a note longer than

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the others, and when the conductor tells an amusing story.

A few weeks ago the Association made a touching gesture which surprised and pleased not only those honored, but the whole chorus. It gave tablets of tribute to two ladies, recognizing forty years of membership in the chorus. Forty years of attending rehearsals in stormy weather and good weather, in health and in sickness, and of giving up other things just to sing in the chorus. There were tears in the eyes of both women as they received their tribute, and a good many furtive tears were winked back by the on-lookers. My record of three rehearsals faded into dim obscurity beside their records of one

thousand meetings. I wondered if I could ever achieve even half that record.

These, then, are the happenings which lead up to the eventful week. Enthusiasm and expectation heighten the atmosphere of the last few rehearsals. The tension increases. Members eat, sleep, and talk music. At last the great opening night arrives. In formal attire the chorus assembles in the seats on the stage. Final tugs are given to gowns and ties, hair is nervously smoothed. There is a tense pause, and then each heart skips a beat as the curtains slowly part. Mr. Stoessel takes his place on the platform amidst applause. He raises his baton. The orchestra is ready. With a great burst of sound another Festival begins.

LUCILLE PAQUETTE, '40.

The Dragon

SLOWLY, ponderously, my halting footsteps sounded on the bare floor. A heavy, engulfing darkness kept creeping about me as I made my way toward my destination. The pale gleam of the street lamp lighted the hall before me for a brief moment. My next step brought utter darkness again. Suddenly I saw a strange beam leap up directly in front of me, and my hair nearly stood on end as I saw the ghastly apparition. I stood rooted to the spot too frightened to move. A funny green hue seemed to cover the creature which made it appear almost like

a dragon. The next moment I decided it was a dragon. I seemed drawn toward it as I started to walk forward once more. At each step the weird figure grew larger, larger, LARGER till it was almost on top of me. Just as I was about to scream, my hand touched something cold. I gazed fixedly ahead of me and was amazed to see the dragon shrink to my own size and take on my face and figure. I sank into a chair nearly overcome with fright and very much in need of the drink of water which had prompted my journey in the first place.

ROSLYN B. SCHORR, '40.

A Dangerous Trend In American Life

THE United States — a nation founded to relieve oppression, despotism, and autocracy; to give man his rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; to assure rest to the persecuted and peace to the harassed.

Many decades ago when our country was still in its infancy there arose a great cry for independence. Those who had been subjected to severe injustice by incompetent administration were finally demanding their "heritage by birth" — freedom. The cry was instantly recognized and put into fiery words which constituted our immortal Declaration of Independence. A nation had asserted its right to equality and had absolved itself from all allegiance to the tyrannical mother country. Unfortunately, this passionate outburst did not dissolve political connections with the British Crown, and bloodshed followed. Thousands of loyal patriots gave their lives that future generations might enjoy a personal liberty which was priceless. Finally, out of this social, economic, and political chaos, there emerged victoriously a popular government of the people, by the people, and for the people — a glorious triumph for real democracy.

With this brief history as a background, let us rapidly turn the pages to modern times. Have we progressed? That is, as a nation have we fulfilled the dreams aspired by our forefathers? The answer to this pending question is, emphatically, Yes! By inevitable growth and development, the United States government today performs functions never dreamed of by Washington, Madison, and their associates. Because we have chosen to utilize

a discretionary method in selecting our leaders, men possessing the qualities of industry, endurance, and bravery have not only aided us in attaining our present accomplishments, but have also promoted the ideals for a more perfect Union.

At present, however, there is a dangerous trend in American life. Ever since certain countries in Europe have fallen into "istic" ruts, they have become the foremost topic for all political discussions. We do not maintain that these discussions are dangerous. On the contrary, they can be of tremendous benefit if the existing problems are disputed on a logical and intelligent basis; but unfortunately many ideas presented are being continually misinterpreted and formulated incorrectly, causing much furor among the fervent advancers of democracy.

Evidence of this misconception is constantly being unearthed in the colleges and universities of the United States. Beyond any doubt, a good deal of this evidence is casting its menacing shadow on students of first and second year college status. It is indeed sad to say that they are branding themselves as Communists by making erroneous and inexpedient statements.

Evidently the infantile minds of certain students are not able to fathom the fundamental meaning of particular economic problems which are being studied in their respective universities; consequently when a discrepancy in our present form of administration is brought to his attention, he suddenly finds the ideal government in the totalitarian states of Germany and Russia. If this student limits his newly found convictions to himself or

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intimate friends, he is comparatively safe; but once he announces his revelations to society, which so many times is the case, he is completely lost. Although he may use every argument he possesses to convince people he is not a Communist, he has made a marked impression that he is a radical in the truest sense of the word.

Perhaps we could forgive these students if they presented logical reasoning; but they become so incited as to the virtues of dictatorial states that in their sudden volley of speech they seem to forget the fine clothes they are wearing and the bankrolls in their pockets. In spite of all their convictions, they maintain that although the governments of Germany and Russia are superior, they prefer to live in the United States. After a while we begin to wonder whether or not we are witnessing a case of dementia.

Why does this student not realize that in Germany, for example, he would be deprived of his college education and be put in front of a firing squad if he dared express his opinion contrary to the diabolic nature of the dictator?

This type of student should not be tolerated. He must be stopped because he is a menace to the American people. His

babblings are like a cancerous growth which eventually means death. We know that once the hideous monster which represents Communism, Fascism, and Nazism inserts its venomous sting, the existence of democracy is terminated.

Fundamentally, all "ism" governments are the same. They merely mean repression of freedom of the press and speech: of life, liberty, and happiness. There is one "ism" however that is different — different because it was founded by a people who were denied the rights of liberty. It is the essence of freedom — Americanism.

What is it you ask? In the words of George Washington Americanism is defined as follows: "This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its power, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty."

SHIRLEY ALBERT, '42.

An Immigrant's Tale

AMERICA, the solution to every problem, has been the haven of new hope and new life to countless numbers of depressed, dissatisfied people. Men like John Jacob Astor, Edward Bok, and Andrew Carnegie are acclaimed throughout the world. They are among the few. The majority remain unlabeled, unknown; yet hidden in the hearts of these poor striv-

ing souls are endless tales of pain and fear and courage which, if known, would win the greatest gift of all mankind — sympathetic recognition of the immigrant.

In the little village near Kiev on the rich, fertile plains of southeast Russia stood a twenty-acre farm, the home of a sturdy, middle class family of Bohemians. It was here among the fields of ripening

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wheat, rye, and fragrant clover, and in the one-story log house with its wooden box-beds, straw mattresses, kerosene lamps, and large brick stove, that Mary Bechan, the second oldest of eight children lived, romped, and laughed.

Mary was tall for her age, and slender; from her curly chestnut hair, her clear, devilish brown eyes and her freckled nose to her little bare feet, she was the picture of energetic health. Her carefree, mischievous spirit was the product of unrestrained living in the out-of-doors where the animals were her friends and nature almost her sole teacher.

As time went on, however, Mary's interests slowly turned from the fields and the flowers to clothes and dances and young men. She made her clothes by hand and without help; only the oldest daughter had the privilege of employing the services of a dressmaker. But home-made clothes did not spoil the picture of this charming young lady of almost fifteen with her curly hair combed back off her face. She wasn't too pretty but quite attractive and appealing — at least to the opposite sex, for she never lacked attention.

Dancing was her passion. She missed few dances, and if there happened to be none in the immediate neighborhood, Mary and a friend would explore surrounding towns until they discovered a wedding reception or some other joyous affair. In turn the young men would discover the girls, and all would happily exhaust themselves on the dance floor.

To Mary, young men were necessary but by no means indispensable. In fact, she enjoyed putting them in their places when they hoped too much. One day,

however, while she was having her fortune told, a young man entered and gazed at her so steadily that she automatically bent down to put on her rubbers, feeling that it was time to go home. He asked her to stay, and so she lingered a while and talked. As she hurried home through the fields, she saw again his high forehead, his very curly hair, his proud Russian features and noble bearing. Would she see him again—this young man named Walter who lived across the village in that beautiful big house with its stained glass sun-porch, polished floors, and costly furniture? Yes, she did see him, many times, until one day she realized she shared his heart, and he hers. They should have been — and would have been married then, but Fate had woven a different pattern for Mary. While she had been dancing and flirting, incessant rains had spoiled the clover that was intended for the market, and Mr. Bechan saw a hopeless future. Like many others in time of despair, he turned toward America with new hope for a fresh start. He left at once, taking with him one son but promising to send for the family as soon as possible.

Mary and the rest of the family waited patiently in Russia, but bad luck seemed to laugh in their faces. People robbed them of tools, wheat, and clothing until they were forced to sell their home and move in with a Jewish gentleman. Even here they were molested; one night some one stole the very clothes Mary had been wearing during the day.

Finally, Mr. Bechan sent a ship's card which provided passage for one adult and two children. Who would go? The oldest daughter was needed to help her

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mother so Mary and her sister Annie and her brother Joe were chosen. This inexperienced girl of fifteen was expected to assume the responsibility of getting herself and two children to America — five thousand miles away.

The three gathered what belongings they had and bade a tearful goodbye to those they loved so dearly. They were soon to find adventure more terrifying than thrilling, more sorrowful than happy.

Speeding across the Russian border on a train bound for Rotterdam, Holland, Mary, Annie, and Joe gazed wide-eyed at the ever-changing landscape. Time for tickets to be checked! "Your sister looks older than eleven years. She must pay full fare." Indeed, Annie was tall for her age, but she was only eleven. What could Mary do? She had no money to pay for the other half fare and the conductor threatened to put the three off at the next stop if she didn't pay. Alone, desperate, she did the natural thing — cried bitterly, pathetically. A kindly Polish gentleman asked her the reason for her sorrow. Grateful for any sign of sympathy, she related her plight; he, touched by it, grasped her by the hand and passed from car to car telling her story to the passengers. When they returned, his hat was filled with money. Mary not only paid the other half fare but had some money left over.

Even in her fear Mary was attractive, and soon a young soldier engaged her in conversation. Before he left her, he cut a silk handkerchief in two with his sword and asked her to take a half with her. Then someday in America they would meet and make the handkerchief whole again. But Mary only cried and refused

for she was still a little girl at heart.

At Liverpool, England, the children found, to their horror, that they would not be able to sail because Mary and Joe had contracted eye ailments which had to be cured first. And it would be ten weeks before the ship returned. For two weeks Mary and Joe had their eyes rubbed and washed until at times they could not see for the pain and swelling. Was America worth all this disappointment, hardship, and anxiety?

There were *some* brighter moments. One day all three went walking and saw on a fruit cart a bunch of bananas. Mary exclaimed, "Oh, look at those great big peas." With a few of her remaining pennies she bought some fruit and started to eat a "pod," skin and all, when a young girl told her to peel it first. Mary did, and tasted a fruit so sweet that she deliberated finishing what she had bought. She did, much to her sorrow as the day was to prove.

Mary never really knew how the three managed to live through those remaining eight weeks on her ludicrously small sum of money. She would have been much worse off had not the ship agent's maid smuggled potatoes or soup to them when her mistress was out. If money did come from America, the agent's wife kept it as payment for their lodging. And they needed clothing badly. More than once Annie and Joe went to bed while Mary washed and dried their clothes. Being older and more modest, Mary waited until the other two were asleep before she washed her own clothing. One day a Jewish girl offered to give Mary a skirt, but as she was reaching for it, an old woman grabbed it, pleading with Mary

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for it. Pitying her, Mary gave her the skirt, hoping the lady really needed it.

When Mary left Russia, she had taken with her a large, fluffy pillow which her mother told her to keep; no people in America owned pillows like that. While the trio were in England the ship agent's wife, heartless as she was, demanded that Mary give her the pillow in payment for bed and room. Stunned by such a demand, Mary actually fell to her knees and begged the woman not to take her only treasure. The agent's wife relented only after Mary had promised to turn over all the money that she received from America.

At last the ship returned and the group headed for America. The three of them rode third class, way down in near the hold where they saw nothing but water before the porthole. Fear-stricken and sick, the three merely existed through eleven days of anguish.

Boston lay before them — tall, close buildings, narrow streets, and crowds of people. Mary's young heart sank. Why this was prison. What had she done with her freedom? Why had she come? How she longed for the open fields.

Once off the ship Mary was conducted to a room where her father was waiting for her. However, because she misunderstood what the attendant told her, she didn't see him. The attendant turned to the father. "She doesn't know you. You can't be her father." Just then Mary caught sight of him. "Father, Father." She rushed toward him, sobbing. They did not meet because the attendant stepped between them. Mary was sent to the ship. She feared she would have to return to England, but the next day Mr.

Bechan was able to take his three children home.

Life in America was to be no more the carefree one she had known in Russia. No sooner did she get settled than she had to look for work in order to afford passage for the rest of the family. She found work in a tailor shop, but received a very small pay. At last with much sacrifice and tiresome labor, the family members were united, and Mary was able to do as she pleased. She married her beloved Walter, who had come to America earlier and was now earning enough money to support her. The following year a daughter was born and five years later another girl.

After twelve years of city life, Mary and her family moved to Oakham, Massachusetts, where her mother and father had bought a farm. Once again she was back amid beloved surroundings. It was here that her third and last daughter was born.

Twenty-one years have changed a none too attractive dwelling into a comfortable home. The three children received as many advantages as Walter and Mary could afford to give them through work, sacrifice, and pure, unselfish love.

The years have added their touch to Mary, too. Her hair is gray, the wrinkles have come, her physical appearance shows an older, heavier woman. But she is still the attractive young lady of years ago, possessing the same leadership she developed as a girl of fifteen, the same eagerness to learn and observe, the same calculating, planning mind, now put to use in the regulation of household affairs. To her children she is a leader, a companion, a counselor.

LILY HALL, '40.

Monotonous Murmurs

I once knew a mosquito. Good ol' Mo. He stayed at our house for the summer and liked us so much he brought the family. I'll never forget those nights. Upon retiring I'd offer a prayer that I might sleep without musical accompaniments. I would pray, then spray, and end my plea with a grand final squirt of "Kil-Ded-Rite-Fast," then to bed to wait . . . to wait for Mo. Soon he would begin. Oh no, he wouldn't come right out; Mo used old world diplomacy. Gently, softly, the serenade by Mo would start, nearer, nearer, then retreat, then nearer again: after that, silence. He would watch and wait for me to go hide at the foot of the bed—fool that I was. He always found me. After the serenade he'd begin the symphony with the five movements. I'd always put on the light in the third and would try to find Mo among the thousands of roses on the wallpaper, but no Mo. Sometimes I pretended I was dead, but Mo didn't mind; he enjoyed me dead or alive.

Exhausted, I'd try concentrating on something else while waiting for Mo and I would hear the tick of the clock, never the tock, merely the tick. This tockless tick would go on, tick, tick, tick, tick, on and on, in the same dull way with never a varied tock. I'd often read books about clocks, how they ticked, how they tocked, how they passed the time. But not my blue boiler. Sometimes I mocked the clock, I'd say tick, pick, sick, hick, and

I'd accompany these hysterical articulations with horrible facial contortions, and then I'd pretend I was happy.

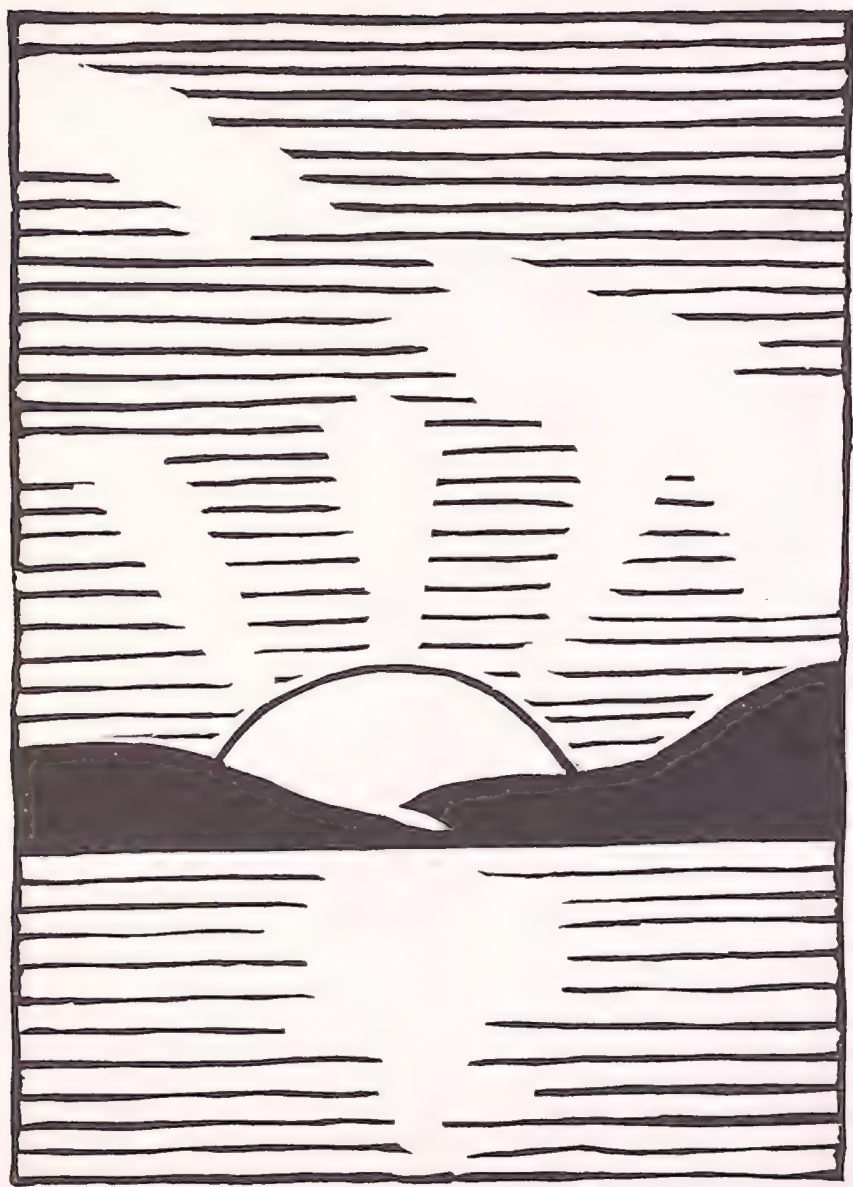
Sometimes Mo would send his children out to play with various members of the family. From the rooms I would hear faint tappings and slappings of doubly folded newspapers against pillows and I would imagine deepest Africa and the magic beat of her drums. Wild natives would come to mind, even their voices could be heard, but then I would find they were merely angry voices of fellow sleepers. Sometimes the jungle noises would change to swing, aided by noises on screens and tapping of shoes on walls.

By mistake I'd fall asleep for two minutes, only to be awakened immediately by the rooster of the people next door. Don't think I live in the country; the fact is, I live in the city. It's the fault of the next door people. They are enthusiasts. They like nature and that sort of thing. Last season they went in for being allergic. Now they are in a back-to-the-farm movement.

I never did sleep that summer, and a few times I contemplated going to the seashore, but you know how waves are; they never stop murmuring, constant repetition. Then I considered camping in the woods, but they do have whispering branches, and winds, and things. So here I am. Where I'm headed, I know not, but no doubt I'll get there.

SHIRLEY SIGEL, '40.





W. S. T. C.
We're Saying On This Campus

The cosmopolitan urge has struck the college this spring what with the New York Conference and various sprees to Boston to see operas and plays. The dashing Maurice Evans has made a special hit with S.T.C. girls.

A group of Juniors who visited Boston on one of these jaunts took in the Fine Arts Museum to get a personal glimpse at the mummies and statues that Mr. Jones has lectured about. Said Esther Matthews as she stood reverently gazing upward at the copies of the classic Greek sculptures: "Gee, how did they even get all the different kinds of dirt on these things too?" In the Babylonian room where the magnificent lion of the palace of Nebuchadnezzar stands against the wall, Lucille Paquette couldn't resist adding a modern note by trucking down the stately tile floor to the tune of "Shadrach, Meshach, Abednego." But everyone stood in awe at the graceful beauty of the tiny, snow-white model of the Parthenon on the miniature Acropolis built in a glass case.

* * *

The latest in college slang has been demonstrated by the Junior A division. We are told that it is inappropriate to call simple, ordinary water anything else than "city beer." And if you want a drink of it, you take a "slug o' dew." Those interested in keeping up with the times please note.

* * *

While class work suffered a little, due to the excitement caused by the threat to

close the college, each student gained an education in itself by trying to fill out those long petition sheets. Remember? Up and down stairs, ringing doorbells, smiling pleadingly, speaking your piece, feeling ever so happy when you got a signature, and oh so down in the dumps when you were refused? And weren't you reciting that little speech practically in your sleep? But it certainly made one have faith anew in human nature. So many people who had no immediate personal interest in the college were indignant at the thought of cutting down on education. The prevailing note was: "I didn't have a chance. Why should yours be taken away from you?"

* * *

Who said we weren't collegiate? We're not actually swallowing goldfish, but some bright person had an idea along the same line. Witness the following notice on the bulletin board not long ago: Girls:

If the Holy Cross boys can eat goldfish;

And if the University of Chicago boys can eat phonograph records;

Why can't we eat the staging off W.S.T.C.?

We want action.

And the following gallant young ladies signed, volunteering to eat anything: Mary Dillon, Adele Carlson, Eleanor Zecker, Dorothy Whitcomb, Helen Lynch, Emily Chabot.

But alas, apparently the staging must have proved indigestible.

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Lapsus linguae by Eugenia Richards in History of Education: "The main goal of a Stoic was to lead a good wife."

* * *

S.T.C. girls have a constant source of supply of classroom boners from numerous pupils. And we always laugh at them. But right now we can turn the tables and laugh at ourselves. Witness these howlers from our very own themes:

"It was as withered as the last rows of summer."

"She appeared to be a simple sole."

"The ox-yolk was heavy."

* * *

As about an hour a day is spent by most S.T.C.-ites riding the busses and trolleys, we must admit that we follow the adventures of the ads posted on them with considerable zest. A new Alka Seltzer poem is the grand opportunity for choral reading by the group in the back seats. And many a debate has taken place over the serious question of whether the blonde would look just as pretty if she smiled as beautifully in the picture taken before using the hair wash, as she does afterward.

* * *

CARNIVAL SIDELIGHTS

Standard equipment for S.T.C. skits seems to consist of caps and gowns and sheets. They certainly do serve a multitude of purposes. Getting those sheets on so that they will stay on and look something like togas is an art in itself. . . The Juniors claim that they can do it in five seconds flat using only one pin. . . The Freshman skit had all the precision of a miniature musical show. . . As a matter of fact the Freshmen walked off with just about everything there was to

win. Besides the skit and ticket competition Pat Malley drew the evening gown. . . But there are plenty of difficulties connected with winning a gown. . . Pat wanted blue, but her sister has a blue gown. . . So she thought she would get yellow, but that does not look good on the aforementioned sister. . . She compromised on pink. . . The coordination of Gabriel the Bull in the Sophomore skit was truly remarkable. . . The training school children dancing around the gym in very grown-up fashion and wearing corsages made us feel quite old. . . When we were young and in the eighth grade we really found a simple, naive pleasure in playing Hide and Go Seek. . . But we didn't form orchestras like "Jon" Doyle's. Perhaps precocity will get them somewhere after all. . . The Seniors are to be congratulated on the extraordinary success of the Carnival.

Morning

Gray ghosts of dawn with stealthy swift-
ness creep

Unwanted, into the city's heart,
Insistent, into the city's sleep.

I and the city turn, protesting from the
light

Clutching the hem of dark,
The last stray wisp of night.

Restless the city's mutter, reluctant the
suburb's sigh

Steadily sifts the dawn—

Upward beyond the sky,

Retreats the conquered night, drawing
away its gown

From me and the pale city,

From me, and the silent town.

BETTY DEWITT, '41.

A Page of Poetry

By FRANCES A. RYAN, '39

A Prayer

My heart, my heart, go out from me
And find some quiet ecstasy;
Bring back the echo of a song—
A sorrow that will make me strong;
O let me find the solitude
Of musing lilies in a wood;
Make for my soul a mystic shroud
Of some slow, soft dreaming cloud
So I can float aloft unheard
To eavesdrop on the talk of birds;
Take wings, my heart, and find for me
My longed-for, quiet ecstasy.

Midsummer Day

I am lost in infinity—
Nothing is real
All my cares and despairs—
Dreams, even
Have receded and my body
Has shrunk
Into nothingness—
Only my soul, indestructible,
Hovers here in the heat—
I am lost, lost
But curiously not afraid.

For the sky
Is a gently pulsing
Blue
And the clouds are
Silver
And the heat
Muffles sounds before
They beat—
There is only
Silence here—
And an utter peace—
I am part of the universe
Lost,
Lost in infinity,
But curiously
Not afraid.

Beauty and Truth

I saw the splendor
Of a scarlet sunset
Streaming across
The summer sky.
The world
Wore a livid
Mark wherever
The light struck.
I said in my heart—
"This is beauty."

I saw a child's eyes
Wide with wonder
And filled
With the light
Of the ages.
Trusting the world
And its promises
Of fulfillment.
I said in my heart—
"This is truth."

Etchings In the Night

Life passes by
Close to my window
In the faces of the people
Hurrying on.

Sometimes there comes
Lonely and weeping
To an echo in the stillness
One bleak heart.

Often I catch
Flashing like sapphires
On the velvet of the evening
Two glad eyes.

Beauty I see
Languorous, bewitching
Like the perfume of an orchid
In the night.

Glimpses they are
Etched in the shadows
For a breathless, fleeting moment—
Then are gone.

May I Have Your Autograph?

THERE is no surer way to develop a weak, tottering personality or an inferiority complex than to find oneself amid people who are experts in securing invitations, meeting celebrities, being in the official party, dining at the Captain's table or at least securing an autograph. For myself, I've had neither the knowledge nor the courage to shake the hand of an official, to converse with my Alderman or even to push my way to the front lines to gaze fondly on some Valentino's countenance. Even a pale, seedy virtuoso floors me. Rather have I shied away in some secluded corner and stared with the innocence of a babe at the noble visage, the exquisite eyes or the flowing waves of some "Venus" or "Adonis" who has condescended to "give the hicks a break." As for an autograph, the possibility of that was vague.

What type of people are these autograph hunters anyway? Have they some sublime, unconquerable strength unknown to the common man — or woman? (Yes, give the women a chance.) Who were those humans who jammed Grand Central to mob Charlie McCarthy? Who were those mammals who hailed some train from Hollywood at the Union Station? Have they been given some intangible power which guides them in their work? Why do they want autographs anyway? What do they do with them? Do they save them for posterity (or their grandchildren)?

Yes, what type of people are they? I long to meet one, really talk with one. Then I might know the secret. I want to know their methods of attack, their thoughts, their philosophy of life. From

a remote point of view, they seem to be individuals of strong convictions, great will-power and invincible vigor; for only people of this caliber would dare to disturb the composure and presumptuousness of an "Adonis," only a strange, mystical being would usurp the sacred name of a "star," only a dauntless, determined personage would be an autograph "hound."

Certainly a weak, irresolute creature such as I would never hope to approach a person raised in the higher brackets of humanity, push a scrap of paper under his nose, jam pencil in his hand and calmly demand his illustrious signature. I shudder to think of it. My heart does a flip-flop. My pulse rushes madly through my being. My stomach rises and falls intermittently. My veins throb.

It isn't that I've never had a chance to be a "hound." I've had sublime opportunities — opportunities which any well-seasoned "hound" would envy. But I've never dared to open my mouth, never dared to move toward my prey. For instance, it was in New York at the Pennsylvania. We were staying on the ninth floor. One day, when I was riding down in the elevator, a tall, dark, bespectacled gentleman got on at the eighth. Familiar face. Who was it? Why it—it was B-B-Benny Goodman. I shrank back into the car and tried very hard to be unassuming bored, but to no avail. I had to gaze in wonder. A celebrity! The first one I had ever seen.

Another time, I went to see Cornell in "Candida." After the performance, my companion induced me to haunt the stage-door for a glimpse of "Katie." At this

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point, I must say that my friend and I are of equal caliber in regard to autographs. As usual we were on the edge of the crowd. Katie appeared. She stood smiling, poised. Then, the unexpected happened. Katie was walking through the flaring papers and pencils toward us. We gulped simultaneously. Here was my chance, my great opportunity to overcome my fear. At last, an autograph. I fumbled in my bag for some scrap — anything. Soon I would be in the realm of the "hounds." Soon I would know the joy of a name. Soon I would find the mystery of the society. Ah! the program. My quivering hand held the paper toward her, but others did the same. She didn't notice mine. She was busy with the experienced "hounds." What did they have that I didn't? She was actually smiling at them. Embarrassed, we shrank back into the darkness — vanquished.

There is one artist whom I wish to see. I'd climb over mountains to get his autograph. I'd even raise heaven and earth to secure a mere glimpse of him. I'd even pay a dime for his picture. Oh, I say this now, but I suppose I'd go through the same ordeal, the same torture, the same mental strain, the same nerve-racking experience. Yes, if I ever dared to look at Noel Coward, I'd turn and run as fast as I could.

You see, I haven't that super-human talent for securing things — especially names. I'll never know what these artists do with them. That's why I say we should praise these "hounds." We should look upon them with awe and veneration. Yes, we should place a tablet in their honor. We should set aside a day of rev-

erence for Susie Filch or, whatever her name is, for she has learned the art of being a "hound," she has dealt with the mystical. Yes, set aside any day at all (Sunday's omitted) for Susie, the daring one, the plucky one, the invincible one. Yes, let's hail Susie, hail Susie, hail Susie, the "hound."

GRACE M. PALMER, '40.

No Glory This

Thought For Memorial Day

A mother and her little son
Stood by the road; the war was won,
But down the road an army came,
And not one man but dust was the same.

They marched abreast nine deep and strong;

A hundred rows were they stretched along,

Yet not one sound the army made,
And not one man but in dust is laid.

Straight up the road the army streamed,
And then the child with his mother screamed,

For one poor boy had not a face,
And one's leg-stump hung limply in space.

No banners flew nor trumpets blew;
A silence hung that an axe could hew.
With ghastly smile and silent tread
Passed onward they, that crew of the dead.

AUGUSTA COPPER, '42.

Book Reviews

March of the Iron Men

By Roger Burlingame

MARCH OF THE IRON MEN has for its sub-title "A Social History of Union Through Invention." Written by Roger Burlingame, it was published in 1938. In other words, it is a modern work showing the march of historical events from 1765 to 1865 in relation to the inventions of the same period.

We all know of several, and have read a few, books on inventions. There are a number of them. Many are based on the lives of inventors and tend to be biographical in character, so that when we think of the inventions we immediately think of the inventor and the great struggle or ease with which he produced his work. Other invention stories tend to stress the unusual, the accidental, or the dramatic, so that these stories become tales of adventure and thrilling experiences. This particular story, however, has for its objective the connection of inventions with the social progress of the development of our nation.

Along this line, Burlingame has brought out the idea that most inventions are social in origin. They are not a local matter, but usually a composite of world thought. A number of hands and brains and forces are responsible for the great inventions; they are seldom the product of one individual. The author carries this theory another step when he states that not only are inventions social in origin, but they are social in result. They tend for a feeling of closer relationship and understanding.

It is around this subject that Burlin-

game develops his main thesis: namely, that the union of the United States was inevitable; permanent disunion could not stand; the Civil War could have ended in no other way than victory for Union. The reason for all this is that from 1765 to 1865 all inventive forces tended in one direction—and that was to unify a nation. Thus the author took it upon himself to show how technology brought us to maturity, so that we were able to emerge from the last conflict of disunion as a close-knit body ready for the finishing touches.

In a story such as this, it is natural to expect that there will be a selection of material to be included. The author did not start out to write a complete history of events from 1765 to 1865, nor does he claim to have included all the inventions. It would seem, however, that he has included all those directly connected with the subject. He has presented them in such a way as to make for a complete record and connected reading.

In very few cases does the author stress the personality of the inventors, although the reader can read between the lines and formulate his own opinions. In one case, that of Benjamin Franklin, Burlingame gives an excellent story of the man himself as well as his works. He proves that Franklin was the "greatest American of them all."

In his treatment of the inventions, Burlingame goes into great detail. He uses all available statistics to try to give a simple and realistic picture. It is noticeable that he is trying to dispel old legends and misunderstandings; he gives credit where credit is due. He states that he

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realizes his subject is a controversial one, but it is interesting to note that he takes a definite stand, sticks to it and supports it with facts.

For example, in the case of Morse and the telegraph, little credit goes to Morse as an inventor. Most of it goes to George Henry, a scientist. Morse is given credit for being the man who realizes an opportunity, seizes it, and makes the most of what has gone before. In the case of Howe and Isaac Singer, each is given due credit for his work with the sewing machine. However, Howe was the real mechanic, but Singer became wealthy through inventing installment buying or a method of "living in the future."

Of all the inventions, the one which received the most stress was Whitney's invention of interchangeable parts. We, in our specialized age, can look back and see why Whitney is given credit for one of the first major inventions which made disunion impossible. Also, because of him, the world became familiar with phrases "Yankee Ingenuity" and the "American System."

Another catching and popular phrase is "Necessity is the mother of invention." This, of course, is not wholly true, but from this viewpoint the author stresses two necessities: to conquer distance, and to meet shortage of labor.

He stresses the former, and in doing so gives an excellent and fascinating story of transportation and communication inventions. He also gives due prominence to the invention of firearms and gives special emphasis to the Pennsylvania rifle and Colt's six shooter.

Since necessity is not always the mother of invention, Burlingame gives due credit

to reason and experiment. One invention creates such situations that more and more inventions have to be added. It is in this way that the author traces the steps of many important social developments of past history.

The author does not neglect the fact that the printing press and the development of the newspaper were vital factors in union.

It was pleasant reading to find that the pieces of this story ran together into a complete picture. The story ended about 1865. After this year come that period when patents are taken out by promoters or corporations intending to market the new combinations devised by a group of specialists whom they have employed in their research laboratories.

Thus Burlingame has been able to trace the story of inventions from 1765 to 1865 as a broad and continuous movement closely related to familiar historical facts. Each invention is not an episode or an adventure, or an accident; rather each is pictured as an achievement arrived at through hard work and patient efforts of many individuals, and resulting in a changed world economically, socially, or politically.

Other stories may read in a more appealing fashion—some may be more dramatic—but Burlingame's interpretation seems a fine historical one. Each chapter seems a whole work within a complete work. His transitions, whether sentences, paragraphs, or whole chapters, are very fine and make for connected reading and thought.

There are a number of very effective illustrations throughout the pages; there is an impressive bibliography and also a

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table of events and related inventions — all of which makes for good reference material.

The author has indeed accomplished what he set out to do. The reader realizes that inventions have been a vital socializing force, influencing the relationship among individuals, among states, among sections, and finally bringing about the union of a great nation.

RITA THOMPSON, '39.

The Philosophy of Nietzsche

TO those who are not familiar with the writings of Nietzsche but who are awake to the development of modern Germany, a study of his philosophy may prove startling, to say the least. Needless to say, Friederich Nietzsche's life colored his work to a great extent. Born in Germany, he received a fine religious and scholastic education, but lost his faith in God and became an atheist when he was but eighteen years old. From that time on, he searched for something to fill the void until at length he believed he found what he wanted in the teachings of Zoroaster, in the creation of the God Superman, and in the religion of eternal recurrence. While he seemingly had every reason for a happy life, in reality his was an existence of mental torment and inner turmoil. He was accustomed to denounce those who most influenced him; it was his unconscious way of covering up his debts. The last years of his life found him suffering both physical and mental illness, and in 1900, death ended the career of this renowned philosopher.

A great part of Nietzsche's life was spent in writing; the leading book which presents his philosophy is *Zarathustra*

Speaks. This philosophy is given as Nietzsche speaks through the character Zarathustra who comes down from a mountain, after a ten year period of self-inflicted confinement, to tell the people of the Superman. Speaking to them in market places, he gives discourses on his beliefs concerning life, death, religion, marriage, wisdom, virtue and such topics. Following the prologue, the volume is divided into four parts in which his discourses are arranged according to the topics.

Briefly, Nietzsche's philosophy lies upon the basic foundation of the Superman. According to him, the Superman is made up of "energy, intellect and pride, with a harmonious distribution of each."

He advocates the destruction of democracy, for the Superman is the product of the aristocrat. He fights for the death of Christianity, for that breeds democracy. He believes in the Will to Life, supported by the Will to War, the Will to Power, and the Will to Conquer. Because he himself was weak and unhealthy, he greatly admired militarism, worshiping war from afar. He never tasted its horrors because of poor eyesight and health. Woman's reason for existence, in his opinion, was to be a mother. All else is useless. As for man — "He is a warrior," says Nietzsche, "who wants two things, danger and recreation." A beautiful woman serves both purposes according to his writings. While in this vein of thought, he expresses the opinion that feminism is the natural corollary of democracy and Christianity, while war is an admirable remedy for peoples that are growing weak, comfortable, and contemptible. They excite instincts that rot away

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in peace. War and universal military service are the necessary antidotes to democratic effeminacy. So says Nietzsche. He firmly believed that man should have a Cause which he would follow to any extreme "except to betray a friend." In his mind, the Cause was the Superman, and he believed that Man should be happy to serve as a bridge to lead to the goal of Superman.

Many believe that Nietzsche's philosophy laid the groundwork for the Germany of today. Indeed it seems so, for has not democracy disappeared from that nation? Is not Christianity fighting a hard-pressed battle with the State? Is not woman now told most emphatically that her place is in the home, rearing children? Is not the Youth of Germany drenched with the Will to Power and the Will to Conquer? However, this reviewer feels that there is one flaw in the picture. Con-

sider the refusal to betray a friend, even for the Cause. Has Germany done that? There the German people have failed in some measure. This remark is made with due consideration for the garbled reports and censored information that comes from abroad, and yet it seems that betrayal is in evidence in Germany today.

From the literary point of view, Zarathustra Speaks makes very pleasant reading for those who enjoy poetical prose. Considering the content of the book, it seems strange to draw the following analogy: There is a likeness to the Bible in its style. It has stark simplicity of vocabulary, a free-flowing musical quality, and many parables as has the Bible. So it is a Bible, to Nietzsche and his followers, but we shudder to think that the day would ever come when it would serve that purpose for all humanity!

CATHERINE POWER, '39.

Wagner As Man and Artist

By Ernest Newman

ERNEST NEWMAN, the author of this remarkable treatise on Richard Wagner, is considered today one of the leading musical critics, especially of Wagner. He was born in Liverpool in 1868, received his education in his home city, and is at present the music critic for the London Times. As a part of his work he has written about many composers — Strauss, Wolf, and Beethoven to name only three — but Wagner remains his principal interest.

Wagner as Man and Artist first appeared in American print in 1937. The general plan of the book makes for a

certain conciseness: the introduction deals with the General Credulity of *Mein Leben* (*Wagner's autobiography*); the three chapters discuss Wagner as the Man, the Artist in Theory, and the Artist in Practice.

Under Newman's pen, Wagner becomes a real person, instead of the superman of earlier biographers. He was born in Leipzig in 1813 and early in life showed his eccentric tendencies. He spent his time away from home in the company of none too desirable characters and continually lost his money at gambling. Where he got his money in the first

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place is not known. While still really a youngster he travelled about with a theatre group and his interest in music was heightened. Already he felt that he was destined to change the course of music. How he knew this does not matter. At any rate, he studied music, writhing the whole time under the old principles of harmony and theory. In 1836 he married a gentle lady of the theatre, Minna Planer, but proceeded to make life miserable for her. She loved security and order; with Wagner there was no security and order. Points of friction arose. Because he could not find at home the idealized love which he felt was essential to his work, he turned to other women who were more sympathetic. Since all his loves were married women, Wagner's conduct evoked public criticism. But this musical genius cared not. He considered himself the great musician who had to be surrounded by sympathy and love if he were to produce his best music. Newman points out, however, that every time Wagner needed physical comforts, he turned to Minna. The emotional strain of living under such conditions, coupled with a physical ailment, caused Minna's death. Wagner was properly sorry, but later managed to cause a separation between the Von Bulows and his last true love, Cosima Von Bulow became his wife.

Wagner was way ahead of his musical period. He felt within him a great urge to compose marvellous pieces of music. Newman has translated many of Wagner's prose works and has given us an idea of the composer's musical philosophy. He (Wagner) believed that the orchestra supplied the harmony for his dramas, because only in the orchestra

could the fullest effects of expression be achieved. The voice was the melody or only the intensification of the mood given by the instruments. It is interesting to note that he formed this philosophy *after* he had worked on his Siegfried group.

While Wagner asserted that the poet in him made him the great musician, Newman believes that the music made the poet. Wagner thought only in musical terms; an idea became melody and harmony, not words. For that reason his "poetry" is not always in poetic form. And because he thought in music, he had to use single ideas. Therefore, he excluded the complex historical and political themes and turned to the myth or simple tale. In all his operas only the bare essentials for carrying along the story are included; extraneous material has been weeded out.

Of all the great composers, Wagner could tolerate only Beethoven because their musical thoughts matched. Beethoven strove for an expression which could not reach its realization in the old form of writing. Wagner picked up Beethoven's thread and carried it past conventional rules; he made the theory fit his music.

Wagner was indeed a musical genius. His music is glorious, compelling, yet pictorial and precise. To quote Newman, "Each scene is so bathed in its own appropriate light and color, and strewn with its own peculiar shadows, that the music itself, apart from the scenic setting, is eloquent of the place and the hour of the action. In Wagner's music, as in Wolf's, one is conscious not only of the locality and the person and the race: one can almost tell the time of day." Of course,

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there are many things about Wagner to criticize, but his genius far overshadows his faults.

Ernest Newman has done an excellent piece of work in *Wagner As Man and Artist*. In a graphic, beautifully flowing style he has presented a real man — a man with all his faults as well as his greatness. The account rings true because of its careful analysis of Wagner and his work, and because it reflects the evident sincerity of the author. Only one criticism might arise. In the first chapter we become familiar with Wagner as the family man, as the lover, as the eccentric, and

the whole picture is not very satisfactory. Then we turn suddenly to the genius, the great artist, and here we find near perfection. The change is too great: we see two distinct Wagners, when really the musical man was not so separated from the common man. However, this criticism is only a minor one.

The real wealth of this book has not even been tapped. It is a book for the music lover, the dramatist, the historian, the philosopher, the biographer, and the average interested reader. It is *the* book to read.

MARGARET STONE, '39.



